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AGRICULTURAL.

January on the Farm.

On most stock farms at this time of the year the chief work will be the care of the stock and the cutting and hauling of cord wood and timber.

The oft-discussed question, whether it is best to keep milch cows in close quarters at this season, or to turn them out daily for air, water and exercise, will probably never be settled to the satisfaction of every one; indeed, the answer depends very much upon what the cows are kept for. If the only object is to get the greatest possible yield of butter or milk, without much regard to the long life and vigorous breeding qualities of the cattle, then it is likely that close confinement will give the best returns, at least for a time; for how long a time it is not easy to say. If, however, it is an object to raise calves and improve the character of the herd, then it is likely that a little daily exercise will prove beneficial to the health and vigor of the cattle and their offspring. If cattle are kept closely confined, they should be carefully exercised daily, and if possible allowed to walk about the barn floor a little.

Every man who means to keep square with his neighbors will now balance up his accounts, and at least come to a friendly understanding with everybody, if it is not possible to pay or to collect everything in full. Short reckonings make long friends.

Market gardeners are now busy with the care of their glass houses and hot beds, marketing the dandelions, radishes, lettuce, parsley, mint, mushrooms, etc., and replanting with the same crops or with cucumbers. It is to be noted that nearly all the increase in the area of glass during the last ten years has been in building greenhouses, some of which are built of hot bed sashes; it is likely that the area in hot beds is now considerably less than ten years ago. The houses, however, that are built of old sashes do not give so good satisfaction as those built with large glass and a permanent roof; the latter admit much more day-light and are less likely to leak, and admit cold wind and water.

The florists have had a rather better market for their flowers this year than usual and are making preparations for a still further increase of business another year, which is pretty sure to follow the general improvement in other business.

Lettuce seed planted now under glass will require about ten weeks to come to maturity, radishes about six or eight weeks. It is a good plan to test seeds to be used for planting next spring, by planting a counted number of them in pots or boxes of earth and placing them in a greenhouse or kitchen, where the temperature is right for their germination; lettuce, radishes and other hardy seeds will germinate well in a temperature of fifty to sixty degs., but tomato, cucumber, egg plant and other tropical seeds require a temperature of seventy degs. to make them germinate. Lack of attention to the required temperature is often the cause of failure and of throwing unjust blame upon the seedman or seed grower. Seeds must also be kept constantly moist to make them germinate well, and this requires frequent attention in the dry air of the greenhouse or hot bed, whenever free ventilation is needed.

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Importance of Dairy Products.

Facts, even if a little late in coming, are many times valuable. There was handed the writer of this at the World's Fair, in the Dairy Building, a little book entitled "Souvenir of the Illinois Dairy Exhibit, World's Columbian Exposition." It was very neatly gotten up and found to contain many items of interest, a few of which will be referred to here. Will first quote from its preface as follows:

"In compiling this pamphlet as a souvenir of the Illinois Dairy Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, it is not the intention to tire the reader with a detailed statistical statement, but to give only a few figures that will approximate the magnitude of the dairy industry in Illinois. Some product of the dairy is used daily in every household in the state. In the mansion of the millionaire and the cottage of the workman it is one of the last articles of food that can be dispensed with.

"Few people stop to think of the importance of dairy products,—milk, cream, butter and cheese. Milk is the most perfect food known, containing all the elements of nutrition in perfect proportion, and the only one on which human life can be sustained for any considerable length of time in a healthful condition. Cream is not only one of the most inexpensive luxuries, but most healthful, possessing many medicinal qualities. People are accustomed to think of wheat or flour as being the most important article of food, but in an ordinary family it costs a small sum compared with that of butter. In fact, butter costs more than any other single article of food, with the exception of meat; combine the four dairy products—milk, cream, butter and cheese—and they exceed the cost of meat. Cheese is not used as commonly as it should be; in many instances it could be made to take the place of meat and be much more healthful and less expensive, a pound of cheese having a greater nutritive value than a pound of meat."

The above is quoted not so much because of its reference to dairying in Illinois, but because it sets forth in such a lucid manner the magnitude of the dairy interest.

For the benefit of those writers on dairy subjects who are constantly either ignoring the private dairy interest or of making comparisons unfavorable to it with the public creamery interest, some figures in the souvenir are worthy of consideration and will be given below:

The total value of creamery butter made in Illinois in 1892 is put down at \$14,575, 866.34. This seems a vast sum of money, as truly it is, and many of our readers if asked how it would compare with the value of dairy butter made in the state the same year, would hardly give an answer indicating the facts as reported. Mark the figures given to indicate the value of that product, viz: dairy butter made in the state of Illinois during the year of 1892. The figures, given in round numbers, are 31,000,000—thirty-one million of dollars—considerably more than double the value of the public creamery product.

Now, when it is remembered that the above refers to but one state, and that there is doubtless not a state in the Union where as great and perhaps a greater difference does not exist in favor of the value of the farm dairy product, is not the interest of the latter entitled to a good deal of attention?

F. W. MOSELEY.

Clinton, Iowa.

Germ-Free Milk.

Milk from a healthy cow contains no germs, according to Professor Cooley of Amherst, but is contaminated after coming from the udder. The first few streams should be rejected; the udder should be clean. When cows are milked in the open air it keeps longer when drawn in the stable. Sterilization kills the germs.

Pasteurization enables milk to be kept four or five days. This process does not impart the objectionable cooked taste of sterilized milk.



THE GOLDEN MAYBERRY.

How Long Should Cows Be Milked?

This question was asked of the leading dairy experts of the country by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture. The replies are given herewith.

"How long before calving should a free-milking cow be dried off, and is it safe or wise to keep such a cow in milk until calving time?"

Hoard.—It is best to give a free-milking cow at least sixty days of rest before calving, but no rigid rule can be followed; certain cows are very hard to dry off, and with some it is dangerous to try it.

Hacker.—A cow should go dry about six weeks, but there are many Jerseys and Guernseys such persistent milkers that it is not safe to force them dry.

Wallace.—I believe in giving the cow a month's rest.

Wilson.—The cow should be dried off six weeks before calving. It is neither safe, wise nor humane to keep a cow in milk up to calving.

Dean.—On the average, cows should be dry from one to two months, to recuperate strength. We have milked cows right up to calving time with no bad effects visible.

Wing.—Four to six weeks, although it is better to milk a cow continuously than to force her dry; that is, if in drying her off there is danger of setting up inflammation in the udder, or it is necessary to reduce her flesh unduly.

Goodrich.—She should be thoroughly dry at least six weeks before calving. It is not best to milk continuously, for the cow will usually do better to have a rest, as nature seems to have intended.

Alvord.—Preferably four to six weeks, if conveniently done. Continuous milking is not wise, but safe enough. Do not force a cow, by starving or otherwise, which persistently resists going dry.

Gurlier.—Six to eight weeks, if it can be done without injury to her udder. Some cows cannot be safely dried.

Gould.—I consider six to eight weeks' rest best. It may be best in most cases; the wisdom part is best left to the owner to decide.

Curtiss.—At least thirty days, and better still, six weeks. It is not safe or wise to milk such a cow until calving time.

Dodge.—From four to six weeks. It is not wise to milk up to calving time.

Dawley.—I would prefer to give a cow from four to six weeks' vacation, but if she is such a persistent milker that it is necessary to starve her in order to dry her off, you will do more damage in drying her off than you would in milking.

Mathieson.—I prefer to have cows dry

six weeks, but have had them that I could not dry up.

Carlyle.—If at all possible, all cows should go dry from four to six weeks at least. If, however, a judicious system of feeding on non-stimulating foods for a time will not dry off the cow, it is better to milk right up to calving time in preference to forcing her dry.

Adams.—From twenty to thirty days.

Boardman.—Four to six weeks. Do not think it wise to keep a cow in milk until calving time.

Brandt.—At least two weeks, and three is better.

Nisley.—Six weeks.

Jones.—Cows that are persistent milkers cannot be dried off safely; it is best to continue milking and throw the milk away if not fit for use.

Eyth.—Two to three months. I don't consider it safe to keep a cow in milk too long, on account of weakening the cow and calf.

About six weeks appears to be the average rule of many, and the idea is in accord with the practice of a large number of New England dairymen.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

It is no easy job to pick up a herd of good cows at random. The safest plan is to get a few good ones and then buy a registered bull and breed up.

What man has done man can do. Many dairies have succeeded in getting their herds up to an average of three hundred pounds of butter per cow per year.

Separator skim milk, while sweet and warm, is a valuable by-product. It may be fed to colts, calves, pigs or poultry with good results. Some highly successful dairymen feed it back to cows.

To remove wens on cattle, mix sulphur with spirits of turpentine, to the consistency of thick cream; apply this two or three times a day to the wen; rubbing well and heating it in with a hot shovel.

The cow stable should be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed before winter, and the floors, mangrers and gutters made tight. Put in windows for plenty of light and sunshine, and make the stables snug and warm, so that it will be a comfortable place for the cows.

One large bulb of common blood-root or three small ones, placed in an apple or potato, so the cow will eat them, given once or twice a day for a week will, it is asserted, cure the worst kind of garget. Then reduce the dose one-half for a few days. Keep the cow warm and dry. Three days will generally effect a cure.

The Golden Mayberry.

The Mayberry is another of the novelties introduced into this section by the Shady Hill Nursery Company of Boston. The plant come from Japan and is described as follows:

"The earliest raspberry known. The berries are of a golden straw color, as large as Cuthbert, and ripen here in April, a month before Hensell, before strawberries, and before the earliest of the standard raspberries of the past have hardly awakened from their winter rest. The bushes are distinct from all others, growing like trees six to eight feet high, with spreading tops; and all along the branches large, white, bell-shaped blossoms are pendant, which are soon followed by the great, sweet, glossy, semi-transparent berries.

"The plants do not bear as heavily when very young as some others; but when well established will surprise one with their abundance of fruit.

"In quality these berries are excellent, the flavor being sweet, without any unpleasant acid, and the seeds are very small and tender. It holds its color better than any other raspberry of yellow color that I have seen."—W. A. Taylor.

The Mayberry is certainly an attractive novelty, and it may prove of market value for a certain class of trade.

A Big Yield of Tomatoes.

ED. MASS. PLOUGHMAN: DEAR SIR:—Over 7000 bushels of perfectly ripe, selected tomatoes of the New Imperial variety from less than 4500 plants. An average of one and a half bushels to a plant is the crop that was gathered by the writer last season, and this season's crop was fully as large. Can any one beat it? I will challenge the world to produce so large a crop of tomatoes in 1897 with any other variety. Who can beat it?

A. A. HALLADAY,
Mapleleaf Farm, Bellows Falls, Vt.

Keep Easy Milkers.

There is nothing more provocative of profanity than to milk a hard-milking cow, especially if she is a kicker, as the hard milker is apt to be. Farmers who pray that they be not led into temptation, ought to give more care to the kind of cows they keep for their boys and hired men to milk. It is a pretty serious business putting temptations to swear in other people's way. There is another reason why the hard-milking cow is not likely to be profitable. To easy-going people, too good tempered to be profane, the temptation takes another form, that is, not to swear at the cow, but to stop milking her before all the milk is exhausted. Thus many a cow has dried up prematurely and never given her owner any profit, while if she had been an easy milker she had the capacity to become as good a cow as any in the dairy.

THE PLOUGHMAN Farmers' Meeting

Was held in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., Dec. 26, 1896, at 10 o'clock A.M. Essay by W. H. Teel, of West Acton. Subject: "Cold Storage for Farmers."

Last Saturday's meeting on "Cold Storage," as adapted to farm use, was a remarkably helpful and suggestive occasion, and it is to be regretted that, being held upon the day after Christmas, the attendance was somewhat less than it would otherwise have been. The essayist was given close attention, and many of those present took notes.

Mr. BENJ. P. WARE was chairman, and the meeting was conducted with the tact and energy characteristic of that gentleman. Said Mr. Ware: "The time for the meeting has arrived. We are all aware that at present the business of farming, like many other occupations, is going through a period of transition. There is a growing interdependence of one part of the world with another. We farmers hardly know what to do. We must adapt ourselves to the situation; as the conditions change we must change our habits.

"It is plain in regard to the Boston market, we often have an over-supply at times as a result of great production during the height of the season, causing loss to producers and disadvantage to consumers. If we could bridge over these times and even up the surplus it would be to the advantage of all parties. Boston market is noted for sudden and violent changes in prices. Such a plan has been adopted and it is a success. We have with us a farmer who has made cold storage a success and a source of income. He has promised to give us the whole of his experience.

"I consider that a very generous thing to do. Ten or fifteen years ago the gardeners were very closed-mouthed."

A FARMER—They haven't all got over it yet.

Chairman WARE—They are more talkative than they used to be. Our friend, W. H. TEEL, of West Acton, is going to open his heart and give in his experience in detail. I introduce him with great pleasure as the essayist on "Cold Storage for Farmers."

MR. TEEL—When I was helping the middlemen fill one of their storage houses with ice, thirty-five years ago, I noticed that the provisions were taken out in good condition. If they came in good, they came out good, and prices obtained were often nearly double. I wondered then why farmers should not make use of cold storage. The middlemen would store two hundred or three hundred tons of butter, also eggs and cheese. Some of the farmers have tried it. The Hittengers at Belmont have used it for years with success. Farmers can reap the profits as well as middlemen, and they can also have their stuff arrive in better condition, which is to the advantage also of the consumer.

MR. TEEL'S ESSAY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In speaking on this subject, I shall not attempt to speak as an expert, or to go into the scientific principles of the subject, but to speak of my experience for sixteen years in running a small refrigerator or cold storage plant.

I had been thinking for a number of years before this on the subject, and planning how I could build one without going into heavy expense. In 1874 I built a small ice house to supply the village with ice. I built a house that would hold about 150 tons. I also built a shed adjoining the ice house for a wagon house.

A SIMPLE STORAGE HOUSE.

In 1880 I converted this shed into a refrigerator, digging into the ground about two feet so as to get a larger room. The outside of the building was sixteen feet in width. I took fourteen feet off of the length of the shed, which gave me a room (besides the length of sixteen inches in thickness) ten feet by twelve feet and nine feet deep. The ice box over it was nearly as great length and width, but not as deep; it being finished into the roof. It holds about 150 cakes of ice one foot thick and twenty-two inches square.

I built the lining with an outside air space of four inches, lining with matched boards on both sides of a four-inch studding, papering and clapping on the outside. I set another studding on the inside one foot from the outside air space and sheathed it with matched boards, filling the space with planer shavings. It was boarded so as to have the cold air come down on one side and the hot air rise on the

other, thus causing a circulation of the air. The part of the room that was dug into the ground I built with brick, and outside and inside wall, filling the space with shavings; also an inside and outside door. I also cemented the floor.

A YEAR'S SUPPLY.—ASPARAGUS.

I fill the ice box during the winter, generally with ice from eight to ten inches in thickness. This will last to June 20 and sometimes to July 1, thus taking me through the season for asparagus. It has been a great help to me in the handling of that crop, enabling me to send to market an even quantity and thus realizing more for it than I should have realized if I sent the crop to market when gathered. I have not as a general thing used it in the summer, except for storage of boxes, etc.

FOR APPLES.

In the fall when I have had apples, I have put them in for a short time, sometimes getting nearly double for them than I should have received had I marketed them when picked. I have filled it every winter since I built it with either apples or vegetables. I have barreled apples in the orchard when picked and kept them until May 4, and did not have to pick them over, but that was an exception rather than the rule. But I find that they keep better than in any cellar I ever saw yet, put in under the same conditions.

GOOD FOR VEGETABLES.

I find, also, it is a much better place to keep vegetables, as they do not sprout or rot, and by covering them with old bags they will be as fresh and bright as when taken from the field.

USING THE ICE WATER.

I also utilize the waste ice water. I built a large water tank that will hold about eight barrels of water, and use it to wash and cool my asparagus before marketing it, and since using it this way have never lost any asparagus or had any discount in price because it did not arrive in good marketable condition. I also use it to wash vegetables and cool milk.

COST AND CAPACITY.

This room will hold about 150 barrels in bulk or 125 in barrels. The cost of this one was about \$150, and I would not take \$500 for it if I could not get another.

MORE ROOM NEEDED.

All the trouble that has been with me is that it was not large enough, so for the last four or five years I have been planning to build a larger one, so that I would not have to put any of my fruit or vegetables into the cellar. This year I have built a larger one. My ice business had increased so that I found myself obliged to either build on to my old house or build another, so two years ago I built another large enough to hold 1000 tons of ice. This winter I have converted about one-half of my old house into a cold storage building which will hold about 400 barrels, and I am now furnishing it up—having it full of apples or vegetables, but no ice as yet.

THE EXPENSE OF FILLING.

It has cost me, on an average, charging for my team, tools and men, about \$10.00 in the winter and \$1.50 per ton in the summer. I am well aware that I can, as a general thing, fill it cheaper than I could if I did not sell ice. The question will then arise, Will it be profitable for the general farmer to build one? I think it would be, as most farmers are situated so that they could get the ice in the winter. I would advise building a small ice house in connection with the cold storage, thus saving the filling one side, and also having ice for family use.

THE GREATEST DRAWBACK.

Is in the leaking in the ice box. My small ice box was lined first with zinc, which would not stand the strain caused by the weight of the ice, causing the seams to open and leak, so about five years ago I relined it with galvanized iron, at an expense of about \$20. It has not bothered me much since.

OTHER POINTS.

The floor on the first refrigerator was boards. My new one is matched plank, covered with galvanized iron. The floor is well supported with posts underneath. I have also this winter taken out the inside lining of the old one, and new boarded it at a cost of about \$15.00. Over the floor is a rack for the ice to lie on to keep it from injuring the floor in packing, and to allow the waste water to run off the floor, having a pitch of about two inches. The rack is made thicker at one end and thinner at the other, to correspond with the pitch in the floor.

In closing this rambling essay I am fully aware that the subject has been very poorly presented. The more I thought on the subject the less inclined I have been to write these thoughts on paper, realizing that it is much easier to sit down and talk over the subject with my neighbors and friends in the farmers' club than to present it here before such an intelligent body of men, comprising some of the best farmers in New England, and whom I consider far superior to me in most of the branches of farming. Thanking you for your attention and kind indulgence, I will now close.

THE DISCUSSION.

Chairman WARE—Before the discussion begins I should like to have a few points cleared up. Do you attempt to keep your ice from melting, or leave it open?

MR. TEEL—I usually leave it uncovered, although when I got through with asparagus I covered the ice with old matting.

MR. WARE—When you put in apples do you fill with ice?

MR. TEEL—About half full. I don't want apples to sweat. Sweating spoils the gloss, opens the pores and begins

(Continued on second page.)

FARMERS' MEETING.

THE DISCUSSION.
(Continued from first page.)

decay. We aim to retard ripening by putting them in while fresh.

Mr. Ware—When you built your 1000-ton ice house, why not have had your stuff stored under it?

Mr. Teel—I had thought of that plan, but find the present one best suited to my conditions, since I was in the ice business also.

Mr. Warren Frost—What's the temperature inside?

Mr. Teel—28° to 30° for apples and late vegetables. It is sometimes so that water skins over on the surface, but apples do not freeze 28° is the very lowest.

Mr. W. Frost—Do you ventilate?

Mr. Teel—Yes, freely.

Mr. —What is the temperature for asparagus?

Mr. Teel—It runs from 36° to 45° for asparagus. Fifty bushels of asparagus will raise the temperature. I cut it early in the morning. I box it in the field and take it to the storage room. After cooling, it is bunched. The tendency of cold air is to shrink it. It is then tied, and when put into cool water, it expands and draws the bands very tight and firm. The cold air does not make it crook up. Having several acres of asparagus, I could not easily handle it and get it to Boston in good shape, except for storage. I find it a better plan than to send it to Boston and have it put into storage there. A good deal of asparagus begins to decay just before the head, and is thrown away or sold cheap. I have not lost a stick of asparagus for years. It is put up when cold. It comes better for the producer and for the consumer also. I pack the boxes with paper to keep the cold in.

Mr. Pratt of Reading—Do you have doors into your storeroom?

Mr. Teel—Yes; the space between the two doors is sixteen inches.

Mr. Putnam—Wouldn't it be better to have the space between wide enough to step into and close the outer door?

Mr. Teel—I hardly think so. We have light in the inside door, and the men can work inside and leave the outside door open. In regard to protection, I suppose the modern way is to use air spaces with no filling. Some storage houses have five or six air successive spaces, but you can see it must be expensive to put them in. I had matched boards, thick paper and clapboards outside and studding, paper and matched boards inside, and I tried leaving the space unfilled, but the ice melted from twelve to sixteen inches all around. Then I filled with shavings (sawdust is not so good; it takes up moisture and rots the lining) and the ice didn't melt farther than two inches from the walls. Filling is cheaper than a series of air spaces and has worked to my satisfaction. Besides asparagus, I find my apples come out in good shape. Some of them which would have sold for only \$2.50 to \$2.75 were stored and sold without picking over for \$4.00. These, however, were exceptionally good apples to keep. Apples should not be packed where the heat is. Packed with the heads open they keep better. They must not be handled when soft. One lot which had been kept in storage, I sold for a good price on condition of filling up the barrels. But on examination it was found that only three barrels needed filling. The rest were solid. The time to store them is the first week in October. Heat expands and cold contracts. Put them up for shipping when cold and they will be tight packed.

I had a thousand barrels of apples, sold half and stored the others. They were stored in November, but they are not so good as if they had been stored earlier. But I shall keep them and see whether I can get a good price in spring. I cannot lose much as prices have ruled so far. An acquaintance of mine shipped 187 barrels to Europe and had \$27 or \$28 returned. Out of that came \$7 or \$8 for freight. Another who sent 36 barrels got a return of 14 cents.

Mr. Varnum Frost—I wish to make a correction in the report of last week's meeting. The space which I said a Marshall berry plant required should have been given as 100 square inches. Mr. Chairman I say it is a pity that when nine-tenths of the farmers get a good thing they don't know enough to keep it to themselves. Here Mr. Teel has something new, and he tells you all about it, and now asparagus will be more plenty in the cool spell than at any other time, because everybody will be holding it back in storage and Mr. Teel will be crowded out. Somebody with capital will go into it and crowd out the small farmers.

Mr. Teel—My idea is that the farmers should get the benefit rather than the middlemen, as at present.

Mr. Frost—Chemicals seem to be ahead of ice.

Mr. Teel—Chemicals cost high. Even the middlemen can't afford to use them. Many of them use ice. In the South they even buy machine-made ice.

Mr. —Wouldn't it be cheaper to send asparagus to Boston and to have it stored there?

Mr. Teel—No; besides, I don't want it bunched before it is cooled. It would begin to spoil before getting to Boston. After it begins to spoil, nothing would save it. It is true we get caught sometimes and do not always make money by storage. It is so with any crop on the farm. But one year makes up for another.

Mr. L. S. Richards of Marshfield—I am rather surprised at Mr. Frost's argument in favor of chemicals. How can a farmer twenty or thirty miles away afford to preserve his crops with chemicals when he can fill his ice box for \$10? In the country ice is certainly cheaper. In regard to Mr. Teel's method, I am glad we have a farmer who can throw a cold sheet upon the plan. I believe there are just as many generous, whole-souled men among the farmers as in any other class.

Mr. Ware—Fifteen years ago a meeting of the Board of Agriculture was held in Waltham, right in the midst of the market gardening business, and a

day was set apart for an experience meeting. Some of the gardeners came hoping to learn from others, but none of them were ready to impart any information and the meeting was a failure in that respect. I am glad that of late years a broader policy has prevailed. I believe in this plan of cold storage on the farm. It will even up the supply. In regard to the economy of ice, it costs \$10 to fill the ten tons into the storage house or \$1 per ton. But a large ice house can be filled at from six to ten cents per ton. Put your storage room right under your large ice house. We must study economy of labor.

Mr. Teel—Several years ago, when I had a large piece of strawberries, I noted the good appearance of berries brought from Carolina, packed with ice. Why could not our growers use the same idea to improve the condition of their fruit? I have kept berries in perfect condition two days.

Mr. —Don't they have a dead look?

Mr. Teel—No; not if picked at the right time. I keep every Saturday's berries until Monday. If they sweat when taken out it is not harmful, being caused simply by the difference in temperature.

Mr. Warren—But how about storage of berries from the consumer's point of view? I think berries will not keep long after being taken out of storage.

Mr. Teel—I am not so sure of them. I often keep berries for twenty-four hours after taken out of storage and they remain in good condition. Cold storage is useful for beef. I sometimes buy a whole quarter and hang it up in the ice room. It may stay there three or four weeks and will not decay only dry on the outside. It will ripen and round steak becomes tender. The temperature is about 31 degrees.

Mr. Ward—Fruit will not spoil until it begins to ferment. If held below the temperature of fermentation it will keep. In regard to chemicals, it will not be long before chemicals will be as cheap as ice.

Mr. Ware—In a small way?

Mr. Ward—No; I referred only to the cities. In the country ice will be cheaper. Ammonia is the basis of chemical refrigeration. It costs fifty per cent less than it did a few years ago. Mr. Whitney's process will cheapen ammonia and also make fuel cheaper.

Chairman Ware—Before closing the meeting I should like to announce that two weeks from today I shall give an address upon "Farming as a Business." I suppose there will be a chance for my friend Mr. Frost to enjoy lots of fun.

Small Fruit Gardening.

HOW TO PREPARE THE GROUND FOR NEXT SEASON'S CROP.

The busy season is about over, and while the wheat is growing and the manure is soaking down among the clover roots, let us talk of some matters not directly connected with raising crops. Our raspberries and blackberries do not look very well. They are getting old and they do not recover entirely from the freezing they got a year ago last May. We hoped they might, but they never will. They do look more promising than they did a year ago, but we are not proud of them at all. What we ought to do is to plow them under next spring, and set out a new patch. However, as we have a pretty large patch for family use, some fifty square rods, I think there will be enough for our use, and we will let them stand. But half as much ground with more thrifty plants on it would suit us better. I was told that with the care we gave them the bed would not need renewing during our lifetime; but I think now it is better to set out a new patch every six or eight years.

We have three strips of land that we rotate with strawberries and clover. There are about ten square rods in each one, enough, say, to give us ten bushels. We used to put out sixteen rods, but our family is smaller now. On one strip (about one rod by ten) we have a bed to bear next year, the plants set out last May, in rows about four feet apart, and two feet in rows. After about two months they were allowed to send out runners, and now the ground is quite well covered. We have lately stretched lines through and hoed up the plants in the paths, leaving about two-thirds of the ground covered with plants. Then we spread rotten manure in the paths and around among the plants, about two loads of it. This will make the berries larger and nicer. After the ground begins to freeze, that is, after growing weather is over, we will cover the entire bed, plants, path and all, with clear straw, just deep enough so one cannot see through it. This largely prevents any injury from freezing and thawing, and we wait the straw there for a mulch, in the paths and among the plants, next spring. After we were through picking the old bed last summer, we ploughed under the vines and harrowed the ground thoroughly and sowed clover seed. There is a beautiful growth now, thick and heavy, an entirely safe size for wintering. The other strip is in clover, which will be ploughed next spring to set out a new bed on. These three strips are side by side, about thirty rods of ground altogether. This, with the land occupied by raspberries and blackberries and currants, makes about half an acre devoted to small fruits for our own use, giving us a large supply daily for ten or eleven weeks, besides plenty for canning, etc.—Practical Farmer.

Wintering Stock Without Hay.

"Our fathers and grandfathers would have thought this quite impossible, yet it has been demonstrated during the past year that it can be done, and with no detriment to the stock, either." So says Mr. Rockwood, in Hoard's Dairyman.

"As the 1896 hay crop is about as short as that of 1895, it behooves every farmer to study the fodder question and see if he can get along without hay, for if he can, it will enable him to sell what he has, and hay is almost the only thing grown upon the farm this year which is going to bring a good price.

In many parts of the country the crop is very light, and it would be not at all surprising if last year's prices were sustained for the coming one. Let us keep watch that no hay is wasted upon our farms. It is not always easy to avoid waste, either, where the owner cannot do the feeding himself, for there are very few hired men who are not lavish feeders—they like to fill the mangers, even if half the contents are wasted. It is enough to make the economically inclined blue to see his hay going under the horses' feet, as it sometimes does, and especially so when hay is high priced. So far we have not tried to do without hay for our horses when they are doing heavy work, but we have very satisfactorily 'pieced it out' by turning them out to good pasture at night, and feeding a little extra grain. Grain is cheaper than hay at present and with good pasture we have been able to get our work horses through two summers with only one feeding of hay a day, and that at noon. At night they have their grain and stand long enough to clean up what hay was left in the mangers at noon, when they are turned out, and in the morning get a palful of grain apiece before going to work, but no hay. When cold weather comes they are fed straw and grain, the former whole, the latter ground. Of course they do not eat very much straw, but after they have picked it over it is used for bedding. They come through the winter in good order, and I consider this ration far preferable to that fed by some farmers, namely, hay and no grain. We utilize straw, corn stalks and cheap grain and save most of the hay crop for sale.

"It was remarked by all who saw my young cattle (Jerseys) last spring that they never saw a bunch in better condition. They were fed entirely upon barley straw and grain, only a light feeding of the latter. Barley straw has some objectionable features, one of them the beads, but cattle thrive on it and like it better than any other straw. I have never had stock get sore mouths from eating it, but my neighbors have, and it is well to examine them occasionally, and if any beads are fast in the flesh to remove them. They sometimes make a very bad sore.

"Our colts are fed on straw (except weanlings, when we have them, get hay, as well as the young calves) and grain, and keep fat on it, and for our milk cows only enough hay is fed to tide over the few weeks in spring after they begin to refuse corn fodder. Last spring pastures came green so early that none whatever was fed.

"The cows have cut corn stalks for roughage entirely. We have no silo, but cut the well cured stalks and mix the grain with them in this way: Enough of the cut stalks are sprinkled with warm water to make one feeding; the grain ration is mixed in by shoveling the mass over on a tight floor and the whole then packed snugly and covered until feeding time. We keep two feeds ahead and the heat developed keeps the whole warm that length of time. This manner of feeding is entirely satisfactory. Where formerly we fed our cows three times a day we now feed but twice, and can see no difference in result. Last year as straw was at a premium we used fine sawdust for bedding. We like it very well; it is far better than nothing, but I must say I prefer good straw for the purpose. As will be seen, where this manner of feeding is followed there is very little hay fed upon the farm, except to the work horses; and by utilizing the pastures at night when the weather is pleasant, this amount is considerably lessened from that required if they were kept on dry feed entirely. They enjoy their night's pasture very much and suffer no loss of flesh by reason of this method."

On a Connecticut Dairy Farm.

We keep all our manure under cover until hauled to the field. Our horse manure is daily put into the drops back of the cows, and sprinkled with plaster. During the fall, we use all the manure made for top dressing grass land, trying to go over all the meadows at least every other year, and frequently using commercial fertilizer the alternate year. We spread as hauled on most land until the ground is covered with snow; then if the land is level, we still spread, but if steep sidehill, we put in small piles, say, eight to the ton, and spread in the spring. This is done to avoid its being carried away by heavy storms. We aim, however, to dress our sidehills early in the season. A good coat of stable manure acts as a mulch, and we have never yet found a commercial fertilizer for grass that will equal the stable manure made from cows fed on cottonseed meal and wheat bran. After snow comes, we allow the manure to accumulate in the cellar until we get good sleighing, when we haul it to the farthest fields where we have to have corn the next season, and put it in piles of fifty to seventy five loads on the highest ground of the piece. This is broadcasted just after plowing, or if the land is fall plowed, just before the first harrowing.

We like a heavy coat of stable manure for corn with a little fertilizer in the hill or drill. The next year, potatoes without stable manure, but with 2,000 pounds per acre of commercial fertilizer. As soon as the potatoes are dug, we seed down and allow it to remain so as long as we can get a good crop. If Timothy land is not pastured, or the second crop cut, it will almost reseed itself every year, and keep in condition much longer than where pastured. Pasturing meadow lands is a common practice with many farmers, but it is expensive.

It was formerly the custom in this section to haul out manure in winter in small piles and spread in spring, on account of the supposed washing, but on this practice is dying out. If we could have things just as we wish, we should use all our manure finely broadcasted on Timothy grass land, as Timothy hay here will pay better than almost any other style of farming. First-class unbled Timothy will always sell at a good price, to the townspeople who keep a horse for pleasure or business purposes.—H. G. Manchester in Rural New Yorker.

Debt in the West.

BY J. M. R.

I do not know exactly how it is in the East, but debt is a terrible nightmare in the newer West. I can imagine that the early settler of Ohio or other interior states, as he pushed from the further East into the wilderness, had a life of privation greater than the settler in the now newer West, but he was isolated, and he and other hardy pioneers formed a society of their own, and they lived in backwoods—or really frontwoods—style, as there were no railroads, or many other lines of communication to connect them with the settled East; so they had no temptation to copy or follow old customs.

But here, though we are on the very frontier, with 1500 Indians living in this one county, yet the railroad brings the East, with its customs, fashions and extravagances, to our doors, and the temptation is to copy. Though this land is but four years old, the writer has the postoffice in his own farm home, where the mail is received and changed twice every day. The same intelligence exists here as elsewhere, and of course the desire for the daily paper and all in its train that means.

It is much to be wondered at that people live faster than the development of the country, and that debts are contracted? Is it at all surprising that corrupt and unscrupulous men get control of affairs in a new country, and then public business is conducted for private gains, and that our taxes are seven dollars on the one hundred assessment; that money becomes scarce, and the Shylocks demand and get ten percent a month, and, of course, nothing surprising that the mortgage takes the all of some?

No, it is no wonder that many go in debt, and when a little misfortune comes, fail.

But on the other hand, the very greed of the monster frightens men, and they would almost starve before contracting a debt. With what satisfaction they can say "out of debt," though the stress has oftentimes been terrible.—Farm News.

The motto of the true, business-like dairyman must be: "The largest profit in this dairy business that I can get."

There are several leading economies that enter into the business and they operate very nearly alike all over the world.

1. The great economy of dairy intelligence on the part of the dairy farmer himself. We call that a great economy that brings into action all other economies.

2. The economy and consequent larger profit of the special dairy breeds of cows for dairy business over all others.

3. The economy of true dairy surroundings, such as stables, care, feed and water.

4. The last, and in many respects the least potent, of all economies is the cheapness of feed.

For, if the preceding economies are lacking, the feed, no matter how cheap, becomes at once costly and disappointing. In proof of this assertion we can find dairymen in New England who can make double the profit per cow that others do in the West, even with double the expense in feed, just because they establish their judgment and practice on the order of economies as we have given them. Every boy knows that there is a right way to do a sum in arithmetic. He soon finds out that all his wasted time and study often come, not because of the hardness of the sum, but because he went at it the wrong way.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Four-Cows Soiling System.

For two years past have kept four cows. Have let them out to pasture only in the month of October. I give them ground feed, oats and corn, and bran every day, while milking, and all the good hay they will eat. Depend on alfalfa, orchard grass and June clover with timothy for hay. Cut two crops a year, and sometimes three crops of alfalfa. Give them rations of sowed sweet corn for two months in summer, and bursted cabbages with leaves and stumps for three months in the fall; they make plenty of milk. Wheel the corn and cabbages on a wheel-barrow. Keep the cows in a darkened stable during fly time in the summer, day times, letting them out in the yard nights. The cows like the stable, will give as much milk, and do better than on short pastures as we usually have here in July and August, fighting flies. This makes considerable more work for me, but the cows can be kept on one-half the acres of land that is required when running in the field to pasture. It is certainly economical where land is high and not plenty, and will pay well I

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Cost of Milk Production.

Professor Wing, of Cornell, in his summary, closing bulletin No. 52 on "Cost of Milk Production," says:

"Our records of this herd for the year seem to warrant the following conclusions:

1. With a fairly good herd, carefully fed and kept, milk can be produced for sixty-five cents per hundred weight, and fat for sixteen cents per pound for the cost of food consumed.

2. That individuals of the same breed vary more widely in milk and butter production than do breeds themselves.

3. The larger animals consumed less pounds of dry matter per thousand pounds live weight per day than did the smaller animals.

think where a man's time is not very valuable.—R. C. Trowbridge, in Dairy World, Tully, N. Y.

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POULTRY.



OUR BOSTON JOBBERS ARE
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Farming for Eggs.

PRACTICAL POINTERS BY A PRACTICAL MAN.

At the farmers' institute for Atlantic county, New Jersey, held at Hammon, November 14, Hon. F. E. Dawley, of Fayetteville, N. H., delivered a very instructive address on "Poultry Keeping and the Profits to be Derived from Egg Production." Mr. Dawley is director of the New York state farmers' institutes, and one of the most successful growers of poultry in this country. The address was impromptu, and is given as reported for Farm Poultry by Mr. Boyer, Mr. Dawley not even having any notes.

He said that in New York state the broiler business was practically overdone, and egg raising has been found more profitable. The cold storage system, he said, has knocked the profits out of fresh killed broilers in his state. Just so long as people can be convinced that cold storage improves a broiler, and makes it superior to a fresh killed one, just so long will the business in New York state be unprofitable.

EGG FARMING. If done the right way, is always profitable. There are farms in New York that receive from three to five cents a dozen above the market rate, selling to dealers. Their secret lies in putting up strictly fresh eggs in fancy egg boxes, plainly labelled so as to advertise the farm. That plan, he thought, was worthy the consideration of all. New York egg farmers have no use for the "gift crates," as they simply show eggs for sale without advertising where they are from.

DAIRY HENS.

Mr. Dawley advised selecting a breed of fowls that has been bred for egg production for generations. Work on the same principle that they do with cows—"dairy hens, not beef hens; that's the idea."

No one had a higher regard for fanciers than he, as they certainly brought fowls to the highest standard, accomplishing much grand work, not equalled by the breeders of any other stock in America—even not excepting the breeders of two-minute horses. Yet with all that he knew that men who bred for high scores seldom thought much of the utility mark. He did not believe that scrub fowls could be made valuable—he favored only thoroughbreds.

EGG BREEDS.

For big production, where eggs alone are desired, he said we must look to the Minorcas, the Leghorns, and the Andalusians. Where eggs and broilers are to be combined, the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes would give the best satisfaction. Where poultry culture is to be an adjunct to other work, he thought the American class were superior.

He said that as the part of New York state in which he lived was very cold, he found the American fowls gave him the best returns. One great item in their keeping was that from his early spring hatches he was able to dispose of enough male birds, as broilers, to pay the cost of raising the pullets. In his experiments with Leghorns, in that line he merely got enough money to pay for the cost of growing the cockerels for market.

He does not believe in keeping hens after they are thirty months old. He hatches in March and April, and sells, as roasters in July, after they had two full seasons of laying. He has found that when these fowls at that age are well dressed and prepared for market they will bring more than what it originally cost to grow them.

GET RID OF SCRUBS.

Again he cautioned farmers to get rid of scrub fowls, as they always have, and always will be, a failure. It would be far better to use first crosses. Inbreeding, he said, is what has destroyed the usefulness of the thoroughbred. Some breeders so inbred until the fowls have lost all vitality—and unless they have stamina they will not be profitable.

On many farms fowls are looked upon as being a nuisance, and in cases where they are indifferently cared for they certainly are a nuisance.

IN BUILDING A POULTRY HOUSE, he said, there were a number of points that must not be neglected. First, *dryness*. There must be good drainage from the house. "You people here in Hammon, with your light, porous soil, do not have to worry much about that, as you have a natural drainage. Unfortunately, we in New York state have not." Second, *warmth*. Third, *free from draughts*. Don't worry much about ventilation. He said he found that in a properly constructed house ventilation generally took care of itself.

"And have the house as plain inside

as out." Everything movable. Roosts not over three feet from the ground, across one end of the building. Erect droppings boards underneath the roosts. For dust baths use road dust and field plaster, mixed, and this should also be strewn on the droppings boards. It will give a pure atmosphere to the house, and make a valuable fertilizer.

Underneath the droppings boards the nests arranged, and if a certain is partly hung in front of these nests, tacked to the droppings boards they will be darker, which will prevent nest stealing. He never knew of a hen stealing a nest outside since he used that method.

For nesting material, he found nothing to excel cut straw in which is mixed a handful of cut tobacco stems. Both the straw and the stems are cut in two or three inch lengths.

He referred to the mistake farmers often made in allowing fowls outdoors in all sorts of weather, especially during winter. His experience is that when poultry are allowed on the snow or ice it will diminish the egg record at once. He believed in having the houses large enough so that the hens would be comfortable when enclosed during inclement weather.

CLOVER AND MASH.

In feeding, Mr. Dawley thought that the closer we came to dairy methods the better. He uses clover hay, and has found the crimson variety very good for that purpose. Each night a lot of this hay is cut in half-inch lengths and put in a barrel; boiling water is then poured over it, and a tight fitting cover placed over the barrel. It is then allowed to steep until morning. The next morning it is stirred up with mixed feed until it becomes crumbly. This "mixed feed," he said, is composed of 100 parts coarse wheat bran (he advised all to use coarse bran); 100 parts ground oats; 50 to 75 parts linseed meal; and ten parts charcoal. Salt slightly. Of this mash he gives as much as the fowls will eat up clean. He said he had been using that food for ten years, and, after trying many other methods, he found that it could not be equalled, much less excelled.

As an evening food he fed whole wheat, and a little corn during winter, if the weather was mild; if cold, he used more corn and less wheat. He said that the corn was fed only to furnish heat to the body, and cautioned those who were using it for any other purpose. The grain is thrown among a lot of litter so that the fowls will have to scratch for every bit they get. In the fall and early part of winter he gives the evening food about four o'clock so that the fowls will have ample time to scratch. As the days grow shorter he gives this feed as early as three o'clock. The breakfast (or morning meal) is given as soon as it is sufficiently light for the fowls to see to eat it.

SENSIBLE DETAILS.

Mr. Dawley said that ordinarily he thought it was not necessary to feed three times a day. He followed the practice of feeding green stuff at noon one day and cut bone the next. He alternated these feeds throughout the winter. For green stuff he gave tops of vegetables, onions, cabbages, and whatever he could secure. Green bone, he said, cost them about one cent a pound, "and those who have personally helped to cut any in a bone mill, will agree with me that it is worth another cent a pound to perform the labor. That would make the cost two cents a pound, but it is worth five cents a pound to wheat at a penny a pound, for egg producing qualities."

When it is found that the ration given does not accomplish the desired result, it is advisable to change the bill of fare; but he had found that every time he changed the feed there was a drop in the egg record.

Excitement, too, he assured his audience, had a serious effect upon egg production. Every time strangers came around there was a loss of eggs owing to the fowls being scared. Especially is that so with such breeds as Leghorns. Then Mr. Dawley told of how an old woman one day visited his yards with her head covered with a red shawl, which gave his hens such a scare that the loss in eggs was terrible. He objected to visitors solely on the score that the loss was twice greater in eggs than the value of the time necessary to entertain the folk.

He considered ninety eggs a year a good average in a flock. The cost of food, with them, averaged eighty cents per hen per year. If more attention would be paid to the selection of layers, we would secure a list of good laying fowls. He found that the April hatched pullets gave the most eggs in their lifetime. He believed in getting out the pullets early, and for that purpose used incubators.

LIKES INCUBATORS.

At this point the question was asked Mr. Dawley if he thought it advisable to hatch the breeding and laying stock artificially.

"I'd go out of the poultry business," he replied, "before I'd give up hatching with incubators. First, I would not have the patience to bother with many sitting hens; and, second, no man could

set and handle enough hens to get out all the pullets we need every year." He thought that thirty-five pullets from one hundred eggs set was a good result. Out of one thousand eggs they generally secure three hundred pullets. They rear about seventy per cent of the chicks hatched, and usually half of these are pullets.

HENS THAT "LOOK WELL" FOR EGGS. Thoroughbreds, not fancy fowls, bred for eggs, he said, were the ideal fowls for the business. His best layers were birds disqualified for show purposes. The original Jersey cows were handsomer in looks, but the handsomest Jersey cow today is the one that looks well for rich milk and butter. So with hens. The best thoroughbred is the one that looks well for eggs.

WEEDING AND BREEDING.

When they started in business they realized the fact that all their success depended upon the number of eggs produced. Consequently, it was necessary to have none but the best hens. They could not afford to board "robber hens"—hens that never laid, but helped to eat up the food. So in the center of their house they put a partition, and at this partition constructed automatic nests, so that after the hen finished laying and got up to leave the nest, the opening through which she came would close, and a trap door open in the rear, letting her into the side room. At night he would mark those hens (1, 2, 3, 4, etc.). Each night he would go to the side room and credit an egg to the numbered hen found in this room. At the end of the year he found that one hen had laid two hundred eggs, while many had only given fifty. He bred from those of the highest record, and in five years time he had a strain of layers, a number of which laid one hundred and seventy eggs annually. He started with thoroughbreds, never tolerating a scrub fowl on the place. The breed that he found gave him the best returns was the White Plymouth Rocks.

In the breeding pens Mr. Dawley runs from ten to twelve fowls, but in the general runs, for table egg production, he does not think it advisable to keep more than twenty fowls, and for that number he provided a building or pen measuring 16 x 20 feet. M. K. B.

Sheep and Wool Notes.

If sheepmen would feed more salt and feed it regularly—in fact, keep it constantly accessible to the flock—they would have less occasion to complain of disease and mortality among their sheep and lambs.

The loss of lambs the past season has been remarkable. Scarcely in any year before has there been such mortality in the flocks. Has it been due to intentional carelessness, because the sheep were under a cloud?

The man who goes into the "early lamb" business with less than a fair degree of sheep experience and much other necessary equipment for the work, will be very likely to run on the "breakers" before he has done with it.

A newly purchased flock may be a little wild for a short time; but wildness in a flock may be subdued by a little kindness and by getting acquainted with the sheep, teaching them to feed from the hand. This habit is essential to success with sheep.

If Henry Stewart, Dr. Galen Wilson and the rest of them keep throwing out hints about the fine climate, clear waters, perennial grazing and cheap lands of the South, there'll be some big hustling of flocks and shepherds for that sunny sheepman's Utopia "before long."

We may be very sure that many a good lamb, and doubtless the ewe as well, are lost by the chilling effect of ice water and snow on the inside. Loss of lambs has been traced directly to illness of the ewes, directly after drinking cold water or eating snow. Only water from a deep well should be used, and given fresh three times a day, and we should see that all the ewes get a drink; it is indispensable to good digestion.

The breeder of early lambs will need a fresh cow to nurse the weaklings or help those needing it. It will pay well to do some hand work in the flock to save the early lamb, if only one comes unexpectedly, but where they are looked for one should be prepared with a supply of milk. A sheep's milk has fifty per cent more fat in it than cow's milk, the cow chosen for this use should be a Guernsey or a Jersey. But have a good cow of some kind when the lambs are coming.

The flock which has been provided with a stock of roots, or even cabbages, for the winter feeding will easily show the benefit of it when the cash account is figured up at the end of the season. Every flock should be so provided.

The most perfect type of the Berkshire hog today can be seen at Hood Farm. The breeding of this breed partakes very largely of the great Longfellow family through his greatest son, King Lee, united with the best strains of English blood, selected, purchased and improved by Mr. Hood for the express purpose of combining with this Longfellow strain, Youngstock generally on hand for sale. Address HOOD FARM, LOWELL, MASS.



It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. Large Cans Most Economical to Buy. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Feed Dealers. It is a powerful Food Digestive. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profits will fall and winter will be lost when the feed is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind is like it. If you can't get it send to us. Ask First Single pack, 50 cts. Five \$1. Large two-lb. can \$1.50. Six \$8.00. E. C. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

APIARY.

Wintering Bees.

A PRACTICAL BEEKEEPER GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE.

When the honey season ends, which with myself is about the 10th of September, I examine the condition of every colony. I crowd each colony on to seven frames (I intend they shall all be strong enough to cover fully that number), and see that each frame is at least filled with sealed stores in its upper half the whole length. Later on, when I get ready to back for winter, I extract, if necessary, from these combs that are more than two-thirds filled with stores, and combs throughout the brood chamber are equalized and placed in a position where the colony can get at them if desired. When the temperature falls so low that the colony begins to cluster closely, I force the colony to one side or other of the brood chamber, which can easily be done by moving the frames on which the cluster is formed. Prior to this, however, I have stimulated the queen by feeding regularly each day a small amount of sugar syrup, and thus kept the colony rearing brood as long as possible.

After the cluster is forced to the side of the hive, I place a "Hill's Device," or some substitute therefor, over the frames, and cover the bees with a light porous blanket. Burlap or cotton duck is as good as anything for this purpose. The "Hill's Device" under the blanket forms a means of communication for the bees with every frame in the hive, and that, too, without danger of becoming chilled. As the hive in use is wide enough for ten frames, I use one and a half inch division board in each side of the hive, which allows the seven frames to be spread apart a little more than desirable for summer use. After covering the frames in closely so that not a bee can show its head outside, I put on an upper story, and fill it one-third full of forest leaves pressed lightly down, and use a cover with one and a half inch hole bored in each end for ventilation.

I give a large entrance, using a bridge about four inches wide for the bees to crawl under, which prevents the easy access of sudden draughts into the hive. The only other protection than that prescribed above, found in my apiary, is a close dosage hedge, six feet high on the north and west sides. With the above means of protection, my bees have withstood the rigors of our eastern winters for years, with a temperature varying from twenty degrees above to twenty degrees below zero, and some seasons without a purifying flight from middle of November to middle of the following February. Many mornings with the thermometer below zero in January I have found a warm current of air being forced out from the entrance, so strong as to be perceptibly felt upon the back of the hand. I know not nor care not whether others may agree with me or not, I state the facts as I find them, and have no hesitation whatever in advising every beginner to follow the methods outlined above.—Advocate.

HONEY FARMING.

The honey trade in this country has grown to great proportions, for honey has ceased to be a great luxury, says the New York Tribune. It forms part of the grocer's stock in the smallest hamlet, and bakers and candy makers and patent medicine men use it by the hoghead. There are several firms in this city who regard an order of \$1000, \$1500 or \$2000 worth just as a dry goods merchant looks on an order for fifty yards of muslin. New York, Boston and Chicago are the centres of the trade in this country, and London rules the world.

The supply is steady, for if there is a shortage in one part of the country or the world, another part is sure to make it up. There is no use in attempting to make an estimate of the value of the crop, but it will go well into the millions. It is known that there are 30,000 bee-keepers in the United States, and many who are unknown.

Honey comes from all parts of the country, but California and the northern

states supply the greater part. The southern states do not furnish as much as would be expected, partly because people are not paying attention to the work, and partly because bees are not cared for as well as at the North. The honey which the southern states do send is different from that of the other states; the product of Florida is considered the best, but that is only as a cheaper grade.

How Soiling Saves Land.

I have tried soiling in combination with pasturing, and find it economical of land, but the time and expense of cultivating the soiling crops must be taken into consideration, writes C. H. Vedder, Stony Creek, Conn., in the Dairy World. There is a great saving of manure, and this, of course adds to the productiveness of the land. Have kept four cows on three acres of New England rocky pasture, with the aid of half an acre of alfalfa cut three and sometimes four times in the season, half acre of oats and one acre of corn fodder, during the latter part of October, and during November an acre of turnips. Considering the extra number of cows that can be kept, and the increased pile of manure, notwithstanding the extra work it is more economical than pasturing. The best succession is first a piece of alfalfa, that can be cut here early in May; then oats, to be cut in July, sown at intervals, also, so that they can be cut green in succession; third, corn fodder, to be used during August and the autumn months. The alfalfa can be cut over at intervals of four to five weeks, from June to October, and later on cabbages and turnips and other root crops. Rye is poor stuff.

Some Fertilizer Facts.

Bulletin 107, of Geneva, N. Y., station, gives analyses of 313 different brands of fertilizers sold in that State the past season. Of these 313 brands, 139 were below the manufacturers' guarantee as to one or more of the valuable constituents, such deficiency ranking from one-thirtieth of one per cent to more than four per cent. However, the majority ran over the guarantee of the manufacturers, so that the average was higher than the average guarantee.

The average guarantee for the 313 brands was 22.5 per cent nitrogen, 7.9-10 per cent phosphoric acid and 4.3-4 per cent potash. The average actually found was 2.6-7 per cent nitrogen, 8.1-4 per cent phosphoric acid and 5.1-10 per cent potash. Of the 139 brands found to be below the manufacturers' guarantee, forty were deficient in nitrogen, 84 in phosphoric acid and 57 in potash.

Secret of Keeping Ice.

Many imagine it difficult to keep ice, but I never saw ice preserved any better than in the old, cheap structure, built under an old apple tree on a north slope. The drainage beneath was perfect, the ventilation above ample. In January, when the owner started to clear out the sawdust to repack the house, his shovel struck what he supposed to be a large stone, but upon uncovering it the stone proved to be a large quantity of ice which the needs of the family had not demanded, and which had remained intact. The new ice was simply put in on top of the old without disturbing it. The roof of this structure showed the blue sky in many places; it had no lining and but a rickety door. The ice was cubed up one foot from the wall all around, and the space filled solidly with sawdust. Anybody can have ice under such circumstances.—Farm Journal.

What a wonder it is that some women are so heedless about the things that concern them most. They endure all sorts of pain and pangs, and are so careless of their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice. Any weakness or disease of woman's special organism is no trifling matter. A woman who neglects her health when they neglect their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice. Any weakness or disease of woman's special organism is no trifling matter. A woman who neglects her health when they neglect their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice.

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Cures also, all those diseases arising from disordered Kidneys or Liver. Large sized bottle or new style smaller bottle at your nearest store. Try Wadsworth's Safe Cure and know the satisfaction of such a remedy.
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To fertilize well is not to apply large quantities—"hay lazars"—but to use the most economical and effective form of plant food in the proper proportions. The weak point in most fertilizers is the small amount of Nitrogen they contain—and this is a fatal flaw in the New England States.
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will furnish Nitrogen in its most soluble and available form and will supply more than any other reliable source. All about how to use it in pamphlet "Food for Plants"—sent free upon request. Address: S. M. HARRIS, Moreton Farm, P. O. New York.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

BOSTON, JANUARY 2, 1897.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

PLOUGHMAN FARMERS' MEETING.

Saturday, Jan. 9—10 A.M.

ESSAY BY BENJ. P. WARE, of Clifton. Subject: "Farming as a Business."

The next Mass. PLOUGHMAN Farmers' Meeting will be held in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Saturday, January 9, at 10 o'clock A.M.

This meeting will, it is expected, prove one of the most interesting of the series. From an intimate acquaintance with many of the prominent farmers of New England, and of other sections also, Mr. WARE is enabled to obtain a full grasp of his subject, and to speak from other points of view besides that of his own long and successful experience in farming. Mr. WARE is well known to those who have attended the Farmers' Meetings, to the success of which his skill and tact as a chairman and speaker have contributed to an important degree. He is a speaker of force, originality and sound common sense, who comes to the point at once, and who never fails to say something interesting and calculated to call out the experience of others. Young men especially, who are thinking of becoming farmers, will find it worth their while to come to Wesleyan Hall on this occasion, for the subject will be discussed by some of the most competent farmers in New England.

ONE special advantage of ensilage is its freedom from weed seeds.

THE worst farm investment is poor nursery stock and poor seeds.

DON'T prune grapes when the wood is brittle and snappy with frost. Wait for mild weather.

DON'T try to get rich all at once. Any one can be sure of a competency who has sense enough to keep what he earns.

In starting a fruit patch for profit, select varieties that are strictly practical. Consult successful growers. The variety often is responsible for profit or loss.

THERE is a decided advantage in growing winter crops with cheap winter labor. Milk, ice, hothouse vegetables, mushrooms, poultry, are among the most profitable winter products.

INTEREST in the milk war is upon the increase and many local associations of producers are being formed. There will be an attempt to carry the agitation into other sections, including those who ship milk to the New York and Philadelphia markets. The New England producers will meet in Boston on the 15th of this month.

NEARLY all the Christmas trees that were placed on the Boston market this year were sold, and as much of the holly and greens as the marketmen had expected to sell were disposed of at a fair price. Boston takes about twenty-five thousand trees, varying in size from six to twelve feet, and a small number of larger ones for churches and halls, and the amount of small greens used depends upon circumstances.

CONSUL MONAGHAN, at Chemnitz, shows the extent of the German beet sugar industry in a report to the state department. The consul says the industry has made huge strides in a dozen years with intelligent governmental aid, but its manufacturers were energetic as well. He thinks that particularly in Ohio and Nebraska beet planting should be encouraged, to take the place in part of the raising of meat and grain, and that the United States ought to supply its own sugar. A large beet sugar factory is to be moved from Montreal to New York State. Some parts of New England are suitable for the industry, but previous experiments in this state have proved unprofitable.

CATTLE exports from Boston have attained considerable importance, and the recent victory of the shippers in a struggle for lower rates of steamer freight will tend to still further increase the traffic. It was asserted by the steamship agents that they could not afford to carry the cattle at the prices offered by the shippers, and that they would prefer to let the steamers go empty rather than accept them. The shippers were firm, and after a short battle, the steamship men came to terms. The Warren line held out the longest of any of the steamship lines having offices in Boston. Mr. Warren stated that forty shillings was his ultimatum, and expressed an opinion that when one or two steamers had gone without cattle, prices would rise sufficiently to make the shippers accept these terms, but the shippers did not do so, and after three steamers had gone without cattle, without perceptibly affecting the attitude of the shippers, it was decided to accept the rates offered them, which range from twenty to thirty-five shillings per head. Cattle shipment is now going on at a good rate.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of H. H. HOOD'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1896. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Cuba will probably not be recognized, so long at least as the present administration remains in power. The Cameron resolution—supposed to lead toward that result having failed, Congress seems disposed to let the matter rest. Now that the conservative element of the country has had time to pronounce judgment upon Secretary of State Olney's position, expressions of approval are numerous. In declaring that Congress has no power to control the policy of the Government in regard to the Cuban affair, the Secretary effectually bottles up the radicals in Congress who would rashly plunge the nation into war, and at the same time earns the gratitude of the solid business element, which, although sympathizing with the Cuban patriots, greatly deprecates the repeated war panics which have tended to unsettle confidence and to retard the coming of better times. Secretary Olney is a cool and clear-headed New Englander, self-reliant, masterful and well adapted to steer the nation along the safe middle course. The time may yet come for intervention, but in that event the bold diplomatic action of a leader like Olney would be of more real value than volumes of hot-headed Congressional oratory and the hasty legislation sometimes resulting therefrom.

The most lamentable feature of the railway disaster near Birmingham, Alabama, last Sunday, was the fact that the certain destruction of a trainload of passengers was deliberately undertaken for purposes of robbery. A rail had been removed from the track crossing a lofty bridge and the train dashed down into a rocky gorge one hundred and ten feet deep. "Piled high, one on another, were the cars, blazing from the fire which had started from the engine, when the train had dashed into the gorge. Heavy iron axles were twisted double, wheels were broken, and the woodwork of the cars was shivered." Twenty-seven were killed outright, and most of the others on board were injured. All this for the sake of a few dollars. After robbing the dead and injured, the wreckers escaped.

An unusual feature of Boston's Christmas week was the strike of the street railway employees, who sought to obtain shorter hours and the recognition of the employees' Union. The men left their cars on most of the divisions soon after Thursday noon, and for some hours street travel was nearly suspended. The strike, however, was poorly managed, and the men soon began to return to their work. By Friday noon nearly all the cars were running. Many new men had been taken on to supply the place of the strikers, and quite a proportion of the former employees failed to regain their positions. Much grumbling is heard, but the struggle is generally considered as finished. The strike was the most complete fizzle that could be imagined and was altogether an ill-judged affair.

The section of the Boston subway from Park street church along the Common and through the Public Gardens is nearly ready for use and will probably be opened in the spring. An enlargement at the northern end will permit the cars to be turned around. It will not be long before the remaining sections are completed. Boston's subway is the largest in the world for the use of electric cars, of which 183 per hour will pass through the Tremont street section. The total length of the subway and branches is one and one-half miles, with five and one-half miles of track.

The latest device of Cuban sympathizers to evade the neutrality laws is to form a colony. One of these enterprises, which was lately begun in the Southwest, provides that the members are to go to Cuba to purchase and lease land "for the cultivation, manufacture and sale of tobacco." After Cuba is reached, say the by-laws adopted, "other civic enterprises, to be decided upon later, may be entered into." The membership of the colony shall not be less than 100, nor more than 200, and the membership fee, to be paid after arriving in Cuba, is set at \$100. The colonists are to provide themselves with firearms at their own expense, for "personal protection," and are to pay their own expenses to the seacoast, from which they shall embark, going as individuals. Presumably most of the members of this promising "colony" will appear later on as a part of the rebel army.

Two French balloonists are getting ready to seek the north pole by an aerial voyage. The aeronauts estimate that they will be able to construct a balloon which will retain the gas sufficiently long to enable it to remain in the air for sixty days. To provide against loss of gas, they propose to take with them a dozen gasometer balloons from which the store in the balloon itself can be replenished. On the modest basis of 360 kilometres per diem, the balloon would in sixty days travel 21,600 kilometres, while the distance from Spitzbergen to Bering Straits is only about 3300 kilometres. The crew of La France, as the balloon is to be called, will consist of seven persons—the two aeronauts already mentioned, two assistants, a meteorologist who is also a chemist, an explorer who has had experience in arctic navigation, and an officer of the French navy who has likewise sailed the northern seas.

The fabled home of Robinson Crusoe, the island of Juan Fernandez, has been wholly destroyed by volcanic action, if apparently trustworthy accounts are to be accepted. A sea captain claims to have seen the disaster from the deck of his vessel. His report was not believed, but the story has since been confirmed to a certain extent by the accounts of other captains, who report the island missing.

True Spirit of the Farmer.

HOW ENTERPRISE, ZEAL, THRIFT AND PERSISTENCE LEAD TO SUCCESS.

"If I might venture to suggest a few of the necessary qualifications of a successful farmer under such conditions as exist in New England to-day, I should strongly emphasize two or three points," said President Atherton of Penn. State College in his address at Greenfield. "To begin with, I shall place in the very front rank of such qualifications, as one without which no farmer, whatever his other advantages, can reach the highest measure of success, a genuine love of the soil and of his occupation. In every other field of effort we readily recognize the necessity of an adaptation between the man and his work. He must be drawn to it, not by the mere career of circumstances, but because he finds there scope for the full exercise of his spiritual faculties.

"The farmer who comes to his employment with something of this spirit finds himself in the midst of an endless field of observation, study and experiment. He learns the qualities of the soil on different parts of his farm and the crops for which they are best suited, and then, by a corresponding study of his nearest or best market, he adapts the one to the other with the same intelligent appreciation of means and ends as characterizes the successful man in the highest forms of industrial organization.

"This implies that, in the next place, he must be an alert and well-informed man of business. He will waste little time in new ventures, but will learn as promptly and accurately as possible, what he, with his powers and resources, can best do with his farm as it is—not omitting of course a constant and persistent effort to improve it.

CAUTION IN CHOOSING CROPS.

"He will not stake the results of his year's enterprise on a single crop, however tempting its temporary promise of large returns. If he cultivates orchards he will raise apples, pears, cherries and such other kinds as he understands and his soil is adapted to and his market will absorb. If he turns his attention to small fruits he will observe the same system of selection and adaptation. If he devotes himself to dairying or stock raising he will still have enough of reserve in other directions so that no chance of seasons can rob him and his family of a comfortable livelihood from products of their own raising.

TAKE CARE OF THE SAVINGS.

"He will see to it that every product which is shipped to any market from his farm is so carefully assorted and guaranteed and put up with such care and taste that his label will be a passport to the confidence and patronage of the most desirable buyers, and above all, as a sound business man whenever he saves \$100 or \$1 he will put it in some safe investment where it will work for him by night and by day the year round, or he will invest it in the betterment of his property. He will not think of the farm as a place to speculate with. He will have no time for loafing and no means for trifling indulgences.

PLUCK AND PERSISTENCE.

"His plans of life having been ever definitely formed he will not be easily swayed from them. A large crop with small prices this year will not discourage him from raising the same crop next year, unless it becomes obvious that some great and permanent change in the market has taken place, and on the other hand, if he finds a given crop peculiarly profitable this year he will not greatly enlarge his operations with reference to that crop next year, because he will know that the strong tendencies of human nature will impel many others to do the same, and thus by overstocking the markets minimize the profit to all producers."

The Brain murder trial continues to attract general interest. The accused shows wonderful self-possession, and in testifying for himself displayed some adroitness in bringing out the facts to his own advantage. Later testimony shows an attempt on the part of the defence to shift the guilt upon Seaman Brown, who was at the wheel at the time of the murder. Experts testified that this Brown showed some evidences of insanity, and that by lashing the wheel he might have left it long enough to have committed the murders. These later developments render the outcome of the famous trial still more uncertain.

The ninth annual report of the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station is just off the press. It is a volume of 250 pages, is well illustrated, and contains the report of experiments upon fertilizers, feeds, fodder crops, pig feeding, plant diseases, weeds, insects, and dairying, including milk variations, tests of dairy apparatus, and feeding tests. The report is a quarter larger than any previous issue and contains much matter of interest and profit to the farmer. Bulletin 54 on "Salad Plants and Plant Salads," a description of vegetables easily but not commonly grown for table purposes, is also ready for distribution. These publications will be sent free to any address upon application. A postal card addressed to the Experiment Station, Burlington, Vt., is sufficient.

HOOD FARM SALES.

Recent shipments of stock from Hood Farm include a bull calf by Appeal out of Romantic of Hood Farm, which was purchased by H. E. Chase of Uxbridge, Mass. A pair of Berkshire pigs, the bear by King Lee VII. and the sow by Duke III. of Hood Farm and both from very choice sows, have been sold to M. E. Ridgely, of Benson, Md. A nice pair of Berkshires has also been shipped to the Wisconsin Experiment Station at Madison, Wisconsin. The bear is by King Lee VII. out of Lady Charlton and the sow by Duke III. of Hood Farm from Belle Windsor I. The distribution of such stock as this cannot fail to bring grand results to the breeding industries in those localities to which they are sent.

Read and Run.

—Two lives were lost by an explosion at Johnston, R. I.

—Eugene Debs will go to Colorado to aid the Leadville strikers.

Governor Bradley of Kentucky ordered out the militia to prevent a lynching.

—The census of Atlanta, Ga., just completed, gives it a population of 83,000.

—Runs have been made on the Atlas Bank and Dime Savings Bank, Chicago.

—Leopold L. Marks, an American, has been elected Mayor of Bluefields, Nicaragua.

—Salaries of New York aldermen are to be reduced by the greater New York charter.

—Some of the guns for the new defenses of Boston harbor have arrived at Fort Warren.

—The New York Stock Exchange members subscribed a Christmas fund of \$4700 for the 270 employees.

—A report has been received that a city and several villages have been swept away in the Azores.

—Cattlemen won their fight with the steamship lines, and cattle are now going to Europe at low rates.

—Lawyer Horatio G. Parker, of Boston, who was accused of embezzling \$11,000, has been adjudged insane.

—Thieves recently entered a church in Jasper county, Mo., and stole the carpets from the aisles and pulpit platform.

—John Snowden, a former resident of Philadelphia, hanged himself in Lawrence, Mo. \$300 was found among his effects.

—The Weyhauser lumber syndicate, of Ashland, Wis., has paid \$7000,000 for extensive pine forests in Northern Wisconsin.

—William C. Egerton, treasurer of the American Legion of Honor, in New York City, is accused of retaining funds of the order.

—The city of Boston may take all the wharf property from Long wharf to Fort Hill wharf by right of eminent domain for a ferry terminal.

—A suspension bridge at Littleton, W. Va., gave way, precipitating forty feet into a stream, killing Wilbur Hammond and injuring several persons.

—In the trial of serious election fraud charges against State officials in Lansing, Mich., the juries divided politically, and no convictions could be obtained.

—Colonel Clegg and Henry Roth have been added to the list of persons poisoned at Benwood, O., by drinking a substitute for whiskey, making in all five deaths.

—The Adams Express Company will operate on the New England road and its branches, beginning January 1, succeeding the United States Express Company on that system.

—Thomas H. Fitzgerald was found dead on a New Haven, Conn., street Sunday morning. Three Italians, Antonio Sparano, Giuseppe Moswitz and James Morani, are suspected and are under arrest.

—A farmer in Webster County, W. Va., saturated a hog with kerosene to cleanse him. The animal accidentally became ignited and set fire to the barn and house, both of which were destroyed.

—The body of Hugh Rider, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me., was found Friday by a hunter in a swamp near a small lake, a few miles away. The unfortunate man had been missing some three months.

Any article that has outlived 31 years of competition and imitation, and sells more and more each year, must have merit. Dobbins' Electric Soap, first made in 1865, is just that article. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it.

—The Secretary of War has issued an order prohibiting the use by employees of his department of calendars, pamphlets and books containing advertisements. This order, it is said, will necessitate the abandonment of many official guides of various sorts which have been found of much convenience in the past.

—There is much excitement and concern in Bangor, Maine, over the discovery of tuberculosis among cattle of the vicinity, and residents fear to use milk. Mayor Beal, who is one of the three State Cattle Commissioners, had twelve out of a herd of fourteen cows killed Saturday, and Sunday he went out of town eight miles to investigate the condition of another herd. Mr. Beal stated Sunday night that the commissioners have located a large herd in the west part of the State which they believe to be affected with tuberculosis. It is the second largest herd in Maine.

—It is expected that a curious suit will be heard in the courts of Kings County, N. Y., early this month, if the matter be not amicably adjusted. It seems that Henry Colton died a few years ago. Recently his widow learned that the body and the monument had been removed from the cemetery. It is alleged that the removal of the body was in accordance with the orders of children of Mr. Colton by a former wife, who had assured the cemetery authorities that they had the legal right to take this step. Mrs. Colton demands restitution of the plot and monument and the reburial of the body of her husband.

More poultry is kept than ever before, and the total number has been increased by more than 17,000 during the year.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

We have received from the Bowker Company, Boston, manufacturers of Animal Meal and other poultry supplies, a handsome Calendar for 1897. The picture represents a group of fine birds in the barnyard industriously gathering material with which to make eggs, and thus gladden their owners' hearts. It is reproduced in all the colors of the original painting, and every one who loves fine poultry will want a copy. It is evidently too expensive for general free distribution, but the Company will probably send one so long as they last on receipt of say, five or six two-cent stamps to pay postage etc.

DEATHS.

BARNES—At Bristol, R. I., Dec. 24, Horace M. Barnes, 67 yrs.

BARTLETT—At Duxbury, Dec. 16, Henry Bartlett, 67 yrs.

BROMLEY—At Weylesley, Dec. 16, Mrs. Ellen J. Bromley, 74 yrs.

BROWN—At Scituate, Dec. 10, Mrs. Mary Brown, 74 yrs.

HEUSTIS—At Belmont, Dec. 19, Lucy Ann Heustis, 75 yrs.; now 24 yrs.

LITTLE—At Winchester, Dec. 23, Mary Ann Little, 45 yrs.; 11 mo. 25 yrs.

PIERCE—At Lexington, Dec. 20, Hiram Pierce, 70 yrs.; 7 mo.

REED—At Burlington, Mass., Dec. 16, Sarah Emily Reed.

THURSTON—At Wakefield, Dec. 17, Miles Thurston, 75 yrs.

WATERS—At Dedham, Dec. 21, Joseph Warren Waters, 82 yrs.; 2 yrs.

Items of Farm News.

Included in the exports of wheat from New York one day last week were 42,066 bushels for Africa.

The editor of the Farm News department will gladly publish lively news items which readers may send.

The Iowa Crop Report estimates that that state has been damaged to the amount of fifteen million dollars by hog cholera.

At the great Norwich (England) Fat Stock Show, the prize for best ox or cow was taken by a Hereford; that for the best pen of sheep, by Suffolk.

Hon. Sidney Fisher, Canadian live stock commissioner, and Secretary Morton held a conference last week in regard to the quarantine laws between the United States and Canada.

Mrs. M. L. Robbins, the well-known lady dairy farmer, made the past year sixteen hundred pounds of butter from four cows. The cows are the descendants of the Maine registry stock early introduced into Maine.

William Gregory, of Gregorytown, N.Y., has a nineteen-months old heifer which recently gave birth to twin calves. Mr. Gregory is quite confident that this local record cannot be easily beaten. The heifer gives an average mess of twelve quarts.

The largest crop of Indian corn ever produced under ordinary conditions was produced by Claus Jochimsen of Scott county, Ia., in 1896. He grew on a plot of a little less than an acre at the rate of 215 bushels of shelled corn per acre.

The famous Jersey bull Pedro died recently at the age of nineteen years. He was one of the greatest show bulls and sires that has yet appeared among the Jerseys. His owner, T. S. Cooper, paid \$10,000 for him some years ago, and considered him a good investment at that price.

Fire in Clifton, Mass., Sunday morning, destroyed the residence of Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, together with its contents. The contents were very valuable, and included a number of rare paintings and statuary once belonging to the late Stephen C. Rose. On these there is no insurance. The house originally cost \$12,500, and is insured for \$3000. The contents are valued at \$2500; partly insured. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective flue.

This is Mr. Ware's second misfortune by fire. On March 27, 1893, the Clifton House, owned by him, near the site of his residence burned Sunday, was destroyed by fire. This is one of the most popular summer hotels along the north shore.

Mr. Ware is one of the best-known farmers in Massachusetts, having been president for several years of the Essex Agricultural Society, master of the State Grange, P. of H., of Massachusetts; trustee of the State Agricultural College, trustee of the New England Agricultural Society, and member of the State Board of Agriculture.

Year's Growth of Massachusetts.

The past year has been one of progress along many lines in Massachusetts, although the depressing effect of the hard times is evident in certain directions.

The State now has about 21,000 more property holders and 42,000 more poll tax payers than were counted last year, while value of property has increased over \$80,000,000. Taxes, however, seem on the whole to have been increased.

Of the 32 cities and 321 towns in the Commonwealth, 18 cities and 186 towns have increased the tax rate, and nine cities and 99 towns decreased it. The increase is partly owing to the heavy expenditures by the State government, which has been issuing numerous bonds aggregating many millions of dollars for parks, grade crossings, water works, etc. There is some prospect that the State tax will be even higher the present year.

There are also 849 fewer cows and 5752 fewer sheep within the bounds of the Commonwealth than there were in the previous year. The decrease in sheep is probably directly traceable to the growth of the western states in wool-raising and in the shipping of lamb and mutton to the East.

It is to be hoped that the decrease in number of cattle is owing to increased productiveness of the individual cows, but it is suspected that the low price of milk and butter may afford a truer explanation.

In addition to the animals already mentioned as having decreased in number, there are other animals which have increased—namely cattle other than cows by 1617, swine by 2576, and horses by 3085.

The increase in the number of horses is peculiarly noticeable, as there have been so many prophecies of the diminution in number of horses as electric cars, bicycles, and horseless carriages came more and more into use. With the departure of the cheap street-car horses, the average value of those which remain is probably increased.

More poultry is kept than ever before, and the total number has been increased by more than 17,000 during the year.

Safe, Soothing, Satisfying.

Originated in 1810 by a good old family physician.

Could a remedy have existed on the face of the earth for over 80 years except for the fact that it possesses extraordinary merit in all family ills?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It cures every form of inflammation. Pleasant to take dropped on sugar. It cures colds, coughs, colic, cramps, burns, bruises, all sores, etc. Should have it in the house.

Every Mother For Internal as well as External Use.

Send for Our Book Treatment for Diseases, free. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents; six \$2.00. L. S. Johnson & Co., 29 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

CONCERNING BOOKS.

"WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD," by Thornton Kirkland Lohp, in the series of "American Statesmen," is an interesting narrative of the life of one of the great men who helped to carry the country through the great struggle of the Civil War. Next to Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Seward, at the head of the State department, was one of the most important officials through all that great contest. This story of his life is so interestingly written that when it has once been commenced the reader lays down the book with reluctance and returns to it at the first opportunity.

Mr. Seward was a noble man. He not only had convictions, but he had the courage of his convictions, and did not hesitate to separate himself from his friends, to offend his party, or to risk his own popularity in support of these convictions. Price \$1.25.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A MAN OF LETTERS," by John Bach MacMaster, is a life of Franklin that is especially well worth reading. The life of Franklin begins at a time when Queen Anne still ruled the colonies; when the colonies were but ten in number, and when the population of the ten did not sum up to four hundred thousand souls; at a time when whigs and tories reigned in England; when foxes and panthers abounded in Connecticut; when pirates infested the Atlantic coast; when there was no such thing as a stage-coach in the land; when no printing press existed north of Philadelphia; and New York was surrounded by a high stockade. Franklin lived to see these conditions; to become independent and took a prominent part in securing that independence. Price \$1.25.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"GEORGE RIPLEY," by Octavius B. Frothingham, in the series of "American Men of Letters," is an able presentation of the worthy career of a notable man. In early life Mr. Ripley was an Unitarian minister in Boston for fourteen years. In 1860 he, with Chas. A. Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and others, started the enterprises at Brook Farm, and during the six years that enterprise was carried on, remained at its head. That was one of the most interesting co-operative communities that has existed, and a full account is given of that interesting experiment in sociology in this volume. The latter part of Mr. Ripley's life was devoted to literary work, in which he was very successful. Price \$1.25.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT," by John Bigelow, in the series of "American Men of Letters," is a delightful volume containing just the information the reader most wants to know about one of America's most famous poets. It is not often that a young man at eighteen writes a poem that places him at once in the front rank of living poets, but that was what Bryant did when at that age he wrote "Thanatopsis." He studied law and practiced his profession at Great Barrington, Mass., several years, then went to New York, where he soon became one of the editors of the Evening Post, and ever after remained connected with that paper. Price \$1.25.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"THE GATES OF JAH," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, created quite a sensation when first published and sold immensely, and it still continues to sell, having reached its eightieth thousand. It is a remarkable book, and does not fail to strangely move its readers, and that is the kind of books that people like. A reading of this book will give one a more reasonable conception of heaven and make them feel less unwilling to exchange their present mode of existence for that of another when the time for change comes. Price \$1.50.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Who knows the possibilities of an acre of ground? Some men will obtain ten times as much as another, and some will allow many an odd nook to go to waste altogether. But who has made the most of a given area, we should like to know, and experience along this line would be welcome contributions to this paper or to the farmers' meetings. What is wanted are suggestions how to make a bit of land do the work of several times its area.

Indigestion is the ingratitude of a pampered stomach, and the consequences of it go beyond the stomach. They are found in torpidity and enlargement of the liver, in weakness and incompetency of the kidneys. You cannot hope to be well while your blood is thick with dead matter. Cleanse and invigorate yourself with Warner's Safe Cure.

—Mr. Gladstone was eighty-seven years old Tuesday.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BAY STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

Will be held at the United States Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, January 20th, 1897, at 10 o'clock A.M. It is very important that all the members be present. N. J. BOWDITCH, Sec.

MARRIAGES.

CALLEY-WARREN—At Medford, Dec. 22, Benjamin F. Calley, Jr., and Helen Warren.

GATES-MORRIS—At Alstead, N.H., Dec. 16, Clinton J. Gates and Nettie S. Morrison, both of Alstead.

HARRIS-PARKER—At Waltham, Dec. 15, Charles C. Harris and Maude E. Parker, both of Waltham.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see;

'Tis full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream and story and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-fakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow;

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet;
Some of them away and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things that lie
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THEIR RESOLUTIONS.

There were three little folks long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December day,
And attempted to write
For the New Year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys."
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the faults of a friend,
Was a problem for puzzling solution.

The other her paper to fill
Began with, "Resolved that I will—"
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a second conclusion.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Suppose we think little about number one,
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun,
Suppose we're not afraid of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we're ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one 'just for the joke';
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!"
—Selected.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

It was January now, and the snow-
flakes were hurrying and scurrying as
if each was afraid it might lose its place
in the great white field below.

But towards evening the wind began
to sing a soter song. By and by it sang
no song at all. "The wind has gone
down with the sun," said the people.

It had been three whole nights and
days since the stars had seen the city,
and they opened their eyes wide to see
what a change had taken place in
these three days of snow.

"Peep, peep!" said one little sparrow
to another as they hopped down on to
the crusted snow. "And this is New
Year."

"I don't like it. It is as bad as the
old year. I don't see why the people
had so much to say about a New Year.
I see nothing nice about it. It is just like
the old."

"Nor I," said the other little sparrow.
"I wonder what the people meant with
their Happy New Year to each other."

"The people are very silly," said a
third sparrow. "They have a calendar,
and they call it, and when the calendar
says January, the people all say Happy
New Year."

"How foolish! as if any body doesn't
know that the New Year comes in the
spring."

"And when does spring come?"
asked the first little sparrow.

"Spring? Spring comes when the
robins come. Robins are sometimes
earlier, sometimes later; but spring
never comes till the do, that I'm sure."

"Town people don't know very much
about these things," said the first spar-
row again. "Let's fly out into the coun-
try."

"That would be very nice," said little
number three; "but there's a little girl
near my tree, who puts the nicest break-
fast out on the snow for me every morn-
ing. She never forgets. I think I'll
stay here."

But away flew the sparrows, away out
across the fields till they came to a great
green forest.

"Caw! caw!" said the crow. "What
are you here for?"

"We came out to find the spring,"
peeped the sparrows.

"Hush," said the crow. "Don't you
see old Winter is here yet? He is watch-
ing over the beautiful spring princess.
There would be no little spring princess
if Winter did not watch over and care
for her."

"That is very strange," said the spar-
rows; "we have been wishing we could
drive old Winter away."

"You must be city birds," said the
crow loftily; "or you would never say
such things."

"Old Winter is watching the sun,"
answered the wise crow; "and he will
not lift his big warm blanket till just
the right time. Old Winter knows."

"But what has he to do with his big, warm
blanket?" asked the sparrows.

"Dear me!" said the crow. "How
little city birds know. Why, the
flowers and the grasses are under the
blanket; and if they weren't covered
over like that, they would be frozen
and dead, and there never would be a
New Year."

But one morning the sparrows were
wakened by a new sound. It was the

robin's note! "Spring! spring! spring
has come," peeped the sparrows.

And indeed spring had come. The
sparrows saw her float down upon the
earth; they saw her kiss good old Win-
ter a kind good-bye, and thank him for
all his care of her.

Then she swept away the snow, melt-
ed the ice, and touched all the trees and
flowers and grasses with her magic
wand.

"How strange it is," said the spar-
rows, "that city people should have
called it New Year in the midst of win-
ter."

Dear little birds! they did not know
why the city people liked the New Year's
day to come in the winter time. They
could not understand the New Year's
parties and presents and the fun of Happy
New Year! Happy New Year!

But the little boys and girls knew! So
they have the birds' New Year and their
own Happy New Year, too! But the
little sparrows very likely are won-
dering yet why the people are so mis-
taken.—Primary Education.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangements with the BAZAR
GLOVE-FITTING PATTERNS CO., we are able
to supply our readers with the *Bazar Glove-Fitting
Patterns* at very low cost. It is acknowledged by
every one that these patterns are the simplest,
most economical and most reliable patterns pub-
lished. Full directions accompany each pattern,
and our lady readers have been invariably pleased
with them in the past. The coupon below must
accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will
cost the full price.

MISS JORDAN of the Boston Cooking
School writes a helpful article in the
Cooking School Magazine on laundering
flannels.

She says that in order to understand
clearly why, in this branch of laundry
work, certain directions must be fol-
lowed that good results may be obtained,
it might be well to study the wool fibre
under the microscope. We see it made
up of fine, feathery barbs running in one
direction. Now, if from a sample of
flannel we draw out warp and wool
threads and examine these in the same
way, we notice that where the threads
cross, the little barbs meet. If we pull
one fibre down so that it slides against
another, we can readily see the inter-
lacing of the barbs. By pulling the
same, trying to get it into its original
position, we find that some have caught
against others and offer resistance to a
force pulling in another direction.

The fibres of wool are expanded by
heat and contracted by cold. In the
contraction, the little barbs catch and
cling to each other. The wool has one
explanation for the mauling of wool. A
second is, by rubbing and twisting the
little projections are brought into con-
tact, wind about each other and the
same result is produced as by differ-
ences in temperature.

So temperature is not the only im-
portant thing to be observed, in order
that our work may prove successful,
but the manipulation as well holds its
place as a weighty factor.

To launder flannels, first shake and
brush well the garments, that they may
be freed from dust. Then put them into a
soap solution of tepid water, to which
has been added one-half a tablespoon of
borax. This quantity of borax is suf-
ficient for about one-half of a tubful of
water. Do not rub soap directly on the
garments; for although by doing this we
may cleanse them more readily and
quickly, we are causing the fibres to
mat together and rapidly bringing the
articles to a state of uselessness.

For all fine flannel garments it is well
to use castile or ivory soap. For heavier
ones and blankets the usual laundry
soap may be safely used. If the gar-
ments are very much soiled by exces-
sive perspiration or are unusually
greasy, use ammonia instead of borax
(one-half to three-fourths of a table-
spoonful to one gallon of water). In
making a soap solution, use one pound
of soap to one gallon of water. Shake
the soap over it hot water, let it
stand on the range till the soap is thor-
oughly dissolved; then add to the warm
water in the tubs until a solution of the
strength desired is obtained. The gar-
ments should soak in this warm suds
for some length of time. They may be
pressed and squeezed, but not rubbed.
If the use of one suds is found insuf-
ficient to cleanse the garment, a second
and even a third suds of the same tem-
perature should be used. When ready
for rinsing, draw them through the
hands, press and squeeze carefully, and
plunge them at once into rinsing water
of the same temperature as the suds.
After rinsing carefully, put them through
the wringer, shake well and hang to dry
in a moderate heat.

While drying, if possible stretch the
garments into shape with the hands.
When nearly dry press them with a
warm iron—press, and where the em-
broidered flannels should be ironed on
several thicknesses of flannel, placing the
embroidered side down. In laundering
colored flannels, if the color runs, rise
until clear and acidulate the last rinsing
water, using one tablespoonful of vine-
gar to one gallon of water. This will
set or renew the color.

In washing silk underwear, the same
directions should be followed. Use only
mild soaps for these garments. While
damp pull them into shape and press
with the hands, or, when nearly dry,
place them between muslin and press
with a warm iron.

Merino and wool hose should be
washed, like flannels, in tepid soap so-
lution and rinsed in water of the same
temperature. If the color is uncertain,
salt should be added to the soap solution.
Silk hosiery is washed in the same man-
ner, wringing in a towel and ironing be-
tween folds of muslin.

Of the value of milk as an article of
diet we cannot say too much, says What-
to-Eat. It is the only food, with the
possible exception of eggs, which con-
tains all the elements necessary to nour-
ish the body. But the quantity neces-
sary for that purpose, in health, would
be too large to be taken with comfort
for any length of time. We speak of
milk as a liquid diet. So it is when it
enters the stomach, but it is there only a
few minutes before it is converted into a
solid mass by the action of the stomach
secretions. When it reaches this condi-
tion the stomach begins its work of
digestion on the mass just as it does on
any solid food.

Milk should be taken slowly, in fact,
sipped, in order that the salivary secre-
tion, which is alkaline, may become

while the stripe shows gray and green
with the merest thread of yellow inter-
woven. The revers are of velvet in a
shade known as forest-green and the
fashioned in canary-colored silk, one of
the most popular colors of the season.

The free edges of the basque are de-
corated with sequins. The wrists are com-
pleted by a deep frill of dainty lace.

The basque, of becoming length, is
fitted to the figure by the usual seams
and is slashed below the waist line in
deep square tabs. The vest front is
arranged in tuck shirring to a yoke
depth and adjusted over a glove-fitted
lining front that closes in centre.

At the waist is a deep wrinkled grille that
closes the vest invisibly on the left side.

A stylish accessory is the handsome
collar of original design slashed, in the
centre-back and extending down the
fronts. The stylish sleeves, of moderate
fullness, are made over coat fitted
linings with the lower portions fitted
snugly to the arm, after the prevailing
fashion. The neck has a close standing
band and stock of ribbon. The model
is adapted to all seasons, fabrics, in-
cluding silk, satin, velvet, novelty etc.

To make this basque for a lady in the
medium size will require two and three-
fourths yards of forty-four inch wide
material. The pattern, No. 6936, is cut
in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch
bust measure, and retails for twenty-
five cents; with coupon, ten cents.

Real "country sausage" is good, and
I give one of the very best recipes there-
for, one that can hardly be improved
upon, says a writer in the N. Y. Ob-
server.

Take three pounds of lean fresh pork,
and one-half pound of leaf lard. Set that
all is free from sinews, gristle and bits of
bone. Chop all very finely. (A chopping
machine costs very little, saves time
and labor, and does the work better than
it can be done by hand.) Add two
spoonfuls of pepper, two large spoonfuls
of powdered sage, and half a teaspoon-
ful of ground ginger. Mix this all well
and thoroughly and put, not into
"skin," but into cloth bags, twelve
inches long and eight in circumference.
Old muslin is best for the purpose, a
good, old-fashioned way. Tear down
the bags, slice the meat about an inch
thick for frying; it cooks in its own fat.
They are fit for use in two or three
weeks.

We all know what a welcome, appetizing
dish, of a cold winter's morning,
is ham and eggs, especially if the ham
is of the delicate cooked kind, and
the eggs done "just to a turn," in
uniform shape, in rings, and laid in
regular order around the meat. It is
strange how much better food does
taste when neatly presented.

Barbecued ham is considered quite an
aristocratic dish, even though pork,
and is one of the special delights of the epi-
cure. It should be cut in slices, and soak
for half an hour in boiling water, then
be laid in a frying pan, and each slice
peppered and spread with made mustard,
one teaspoonful of vinegar added to
each slice and the slices often turned,
till sufficiently cooked. When done,
lay upon the serving dish, add to the
gravy in the frying-pan half a glassful
of lemon juice, and one teaspoonful of
sugar. Boil up once, and pour over the
meat.

Tenderloins are the most delicate part
of the pig, of course, so preferred by
most people, and often eaten by those
who never will eat any other part of
pork. Really, this meat cannot be as
wholesome as other kinds, especially as
beef, when we consider the difference
in the diet of the two animals, but pork
is usually low in price, at least compara-
tively, and so there is the more need of
its being cooked and used in the most
advantageous manner.

To brown sausages in the oven, says
the Philadelphia Record, lay them on a
baking pan in a hot oven and let them
brown six minutes on one side; then
turn them on the other to brown the
same length of time. Do not dip them
in egg and bread-crumbs, as croquettes
are treated, but allow the superfluous
fat to fry out in the oven. Lay them
for one moment on a piece of brown
paper to remove the extra fat, and serve
them with a brown sauce or a layer of
mashed potatoes or a thick purée of
beans. For this purée the red bean (of
which the French make their red purée)
is sometimes used; but the small white
pea bean is excellent for this purpose.
Soak them over night. In the morning
drain them, and to a large cup of the
dried beans add a tablespoonful of but-
ter, half a bayleaf, a spray of parsley
and one of soup celery. Let the beans

slowly simmer until they are perfectly
tender. They seem to agree excellently
with sausage in flavor.

Philadelphia Scrapple.—To make
Philadelphia scrapple, stew two pounds
of fresh pork until thoroughly done.
Take the meat up and add enough water
to the liquor in the kettle to make a
quart. Remove the bones and chop the
meat, then put it back in the kettle.
Season, adding sage and summer savory
and onion, if desired. Then sift in
cornmeal slowly and stirring as it
goes in. Make it thick enough to
slice when cold. Turn into a dish, and
when wanted for the table, slice and
fry in drippings. The quantity may be
increased, as it will keep a long time
in winter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Potato Pancakes.—Boil six medium-
sized potatoes in salted water until
thoroughly cooked; mash them and set
aside to cool; then add three well-
beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour
enough to make a pancake batter. Bake
quickly on a well-greased griddle, and
serve very hot. Ladies' Home Journal.

Delicate Apple Pie.—Make a rich
sirup of white sugar, boiling in it sev-
eral blades of mace or lemon rinds to
flavor it, then put in tart apples that
have been pared, quartered, and the
cores removed; only a few should be
put in at once. When they begin to
grow tender, put them into your pie-
plates. If not sufficiently seasoned add
a little extract of lemon or nutmeg to
the sirup, and turn it over the apples.
Cover the pies with a nice pastry and
bake till of a light brown in a quick
oven.

Curd Cakes.—Patty pans are lined
with a good flaky paste, and filled with
the "curd," but the secret lies in the
preparation of the latter article. Sweet
milk is allowed to stand until it becomes

quite sour and solid, like a blancmange.
This is put into a very clean pan, and
brought nearly up to boiling point, when
the larger portion will turn watery.
Then it is cooled off, and drained through
muslin, in the open air. To each pound
of the curd, retained in the muslin, one
or two whisked eggs are added; a little
melted butter; some currants, and a few
drops of essence of lemon, or some
grated lemon peel. This is the mixture
with which the paste-lined patty pans
are filled. They are then baked in a
good oven, and the flavor, when cooked,
will be appreciated by all lovers of pas-
try.

This is an English recipe sent by pri-
vate hands.—Cincinnati Gazette.

New-Year's pudding.—Peel and slice
six medium-sized Baldwin apples, place
one-third of them in the bottom of a
pudding-dish, add a few slices of canned
quince, peaches or pineapple, a few
seeded raisins, a tablespoonful of un-
cooked sage, two tablespoonfuls of sugar,
and this is one layer. Add two more
and a little salt. Fill up the dish with
new milk and bake slowly two or three
hours. Good hot or cold with sweet-
ened cream.

Paprika is used frequently in place of
cayenne pepper, and the American
Kitchen has this to say of it. Paprika,
or paprica, as some authorities spell it,
is the fleshy fruit of a mild variety of
capsicum, of the natural order of *Solan-
acea*, green or red in color, which
grows in Hungary and other parts of
southern Europe.

It is sometimes called
Sweet or Hungarian pepper. The fruit
is dried and ground into a fine powder.
It is an essential ingredient of the dish
called Hungarian goulash, a ragout of
rump steak, onions and some other vege-
tables. It is less pungent than cayenne
pepper.

One of the best things for cleaning
boys' hands is sand soap, says an ex-
change. It may be made at home, and
so made is cheaper and better than any
purchased. Scraps or cut into small
pieces any pure soap and melt it. As
soon as the soap is melted take the dish

from the fire and stir into the mixture
clean dry sea sand that has been heated.
Use nearly as much sand as you have
soap. As soon as the mixture is cool
enough to handle roll it into balls be-
tween the palms of the hands and put
the balls into a dark, cool place to harden
and dry.

Games and other entertainment are
now in order for the long winter even-
ings, and the advertisers' carnival, de-
scribed in a recent number of Table Talk,
will fill an evening full of fun. A
hostess will scarcely understand this
scheme unless she takes a quantity of
papers and magazines and examines
the really beautiful and artistic illustra-
tions used by trade to represent the
wares of the present day. There are
two methods of utilizing these as means
of entertainment, and both found by
experiment to be novel and successful.
In the first instance, the pictures (thirty
in number are sufficient), are carefully
cut out and pasted on cards, each one
numbered. Upon the arrival of guests
they are furnished with a pencil-attached
card numbered also to correspond with
the set. A single picture is displayed,
everybody guesses the advertisement and
writes it opposite the number on their
cards. In turn all the pictures are
shown, and the largest number of cor-
rect guesses takes first, second and third
prizes as in other games of the sort.
These gifts are a funny feature of the
game, as they must be selected from the
articles advertised—a year's subscription
to some periodical the cover of which
appears in the collection. Pictures cut
from seed catalogues, or druggists' sup-
plies, admit of palms, potted plants,
baskets of cut flowers and all the many
pretty articles of the toilet as prizes.
The second plan, and true "Carnival"
results in a fancy-dress occasion of the
most grotesque character. Advertisements
of well-known articles are used
as models for costumes, the pictures
themselves often applied as decorations
for the gown, fan, etc. This entertain-
ment seems especially adapted to a
Yuletide frolic, as then if ever adver-
tising reaches its height.

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That they be
A little of you
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OUR HOMES.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good year is over,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One little hour, and then away!

The year whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one more hour of joy and song
For our familiar sake.
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One little hour, and then away!

The kindly year—his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store;
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One little hour, and then away!

Days brightly came and calmly went
While yet we were his guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One little hour, and then away!

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid.
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they did and said;
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One tender hour, and then away!

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh, be the new year's friend;
Oh, stay; oh, stay,
One parting strain, and then away!

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

What has the Old Year brought you, friend?
Joy and love and sweetness?
Then pass them along to others, friend,
That they to imperish lives may lend
A little of your completeness;
For hearts should be brimming with hope and cheer,
And give no place to grief or fear,
When the glad New Year is dawning.

What has the Old Year brought you, friend?
Bitterness, tear and sorrow?
Then let them die with the Old Year, friend,
Or face the sight of the world defend,
That none your gloom may borrow;
For hearts should be brimming with hope and cheer,
And give no place to grief or fear,
When the glad New Year is dawning.

—Congregationalist.

A PURITAN CONSCIENCE.

It often seems necessary that there should be some friction between two natures. The sparks of true love are to be kindled. That this friction was sufficiently brisk between Bethia Putnam and her daughterly little husband, Nathaniel Putnam, no one could doubt, neither could they question the fact that the sparks of love thus kindled had been fanned by the whirl of the swiftly speeding years into steady flame.

Bethia Putnam showed her love for her husband in her strong, angular, New England way, every time she stood on the high bank wall which raised the house above the garden to the south, and screamed at him in a voice as sharp as the elbows which she held akimbo, to "Fetch in an arm of kindness!"

She always called him by his surname.

"Putnam! Putnam!" Pitching her voice below middle C for the first syllable, she invariably struck full two octaves above for the last syllable, although it required a shrill falsetto to do it. For no one but "Putnam" did she thus exhibit the entire range of her voice. She called no other name in that way. It was, in all its sharpness, like the peculiar love note by which a New England wild bird summons its mate.

Bethia Putnam was a New Englander typical of the past generations. There was no other character so strong and rigidly Puritanic in town—there are but few anywhere now. But through she was the solid, earnest, stern type, she would never feel that humiliating distinction which is like the pinning on of a mark-down tag on the solitary remnant. She was rather like a bit of rare china, which becomes the more valuable when but one of its pattern can be found. An artist of the pen, happening upon her character and life, would have felt the same ecstatic joy which thrills a biographer when he chances to discover some choice of the first print.

Yet her life was commonplace. It would have been uneventful but for the excitement of Putnam's tumblers. For her husband was one of those unfortunate people who are constantly meeting with some accident which results in broken bones or dislocated joints. There is some such ill-starred person in every neighborhood, and fate had designated Nathaniel Putnam as the one to play this unfortunate role in the drama of life as enacted in his community.

Nathaniel Putnam believed if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well, and within a dozen years he had fallen from the roof of a house he was repairing; slipped off a load of hay in a high wind; been thrown from a load of wood, the load passing over both legs; fallen from the full grain loft in the barn to the floor below; slipped on the ice under the foot of an apple tree; had pierced his own foot with a dung fork; nearly mowed himself down with his scythe, and almost reaped a human harvest with his sickle.

He had been seriously hurt in each of those accidents. However, he was the cheeriest convalescent, and hopped carefully about his wife's spotless kitchen on the crutches that were borrowed of Neighbor Brigham whenever they were needed, like a happy but aggressive little sparrow, while bringing him the long-wished-for slippers. However, Mrs. Bethia Putnam felt annoyed, for she knew by his very silence that he fully appreciated the fact that he and the advertisement had won the day.

"Them slippers is all that's keepin' him so innocent," she mused unconsciously, "but I won't bring him none. I won't encourage him lettin' his hard-earned money to be spent in no such foolish way. He's been absent! Then carpet slippers just to get 'em worn out, but I won't do him no good."

On the next Saturday, when she arrived at her cousin's home, she began lecturing them, almost before they realized who she was, on not having visited her recently—in a loud, sharp voice in which not every one would have recognized the note of wholesome kindness.

"Which daughter is it that's measley just now, eh?" she inquired, glancing sharply at the three girls, who had been brought to the library by the ring of the

pouring forth her wrath in unstinted measure upon the shivering little man as he quickly hastened to do her bidding, and then crept irresistibly back into bed after a chilling tussle with the window.

"I'm agone! I've had them winders nailed down," she would end, with a snap.

"Why, now, Bethi-ey, we need a mite of fresh air, don't we?" Putnam would plead, comfortable in the thought of ironing had his own way, if he was chilled to the bone. "Don't we need a mite of fresh air to breathe?"

"Fresh air! Fresh air at this time o' year! Putnam! I believe if you slept out in the open pasture you'd want the bars let down for fresh air!" Then Nathaniel would begin to snore gently and peacefully, and with careful rhythm.

One bright summer day Putnam limped home from the postoffice in great excitement over an advertisement which he had found in the city newspaper, and which had been the topic of conversation that morning among his cronies at the office. He hastened home, not only to share the good fortune with his wife, but perhaps, too, with more or less anticipative relish of the sharp argument to which the subject might give rise.

"Next Sat'day the Free-wheel tea company is gon' to give away a prize in ev'ry package o' tea they sell down ter the city!" he announced, flinging out the news like a red flag of challenge, with a flourish. "I see they had a sale last Sat'day, paper says, an' one woman got a five-dollar bill in hern, an' another got a solid silver teaspoon, an' a man got a good silver watch with a chain!"

"Now, Putnam!" exclaimed his wife, pausing in her work and scolding her husband in a loud, shrill voice, "do you believe that? Aint you got any more sense 'n ter credit such stuff?"

"But here's the names 'n addresses of the people that got 'em, right here in the paper! Nice, respectable city folks!"

"Him-n! Cousin an' father-in-laws an' aunts ter the proprietors, like as not, that's what they be. I don't take no stock in it!"

Nevertheless, when her husband, after some further attempts to convert her to an acknowledged faith in the Free-wheel tea company, had been so worsted that he was finally driven from the battlefield of words to the potato patch in the south lot, Bethia set her heavy iron on the stove, and dropping into the calico-covered rocker by the window, said to herself: "I must just glance through the deaths 'n accidents," while all the time her spectacles shone full upon the enticing advertisement.

As a result—although she took care not to have it appear as a direct result—she told Putnam the next morning that she intended to go to the city on Saturday if it should be a "likely day."

"What do you suppose we'll get in our package?" inquired Mr. Putnam, at once. He had been a sharp business man in his earlier life.

"Now, Putnam!" His wife stared at him haughtily; "do you suppose at my time o' life, I'm gon' to spend fifty-seven cents each, ter terprise clear down ter the city, an' run the risk of life an' limb a-crosin' the city streets in all that tangle o' 'lectric cars an' wagons—just for a prize that might be in a package of tea? Say, do yer?"

"But yer might get a package's long 's yer right down there," suggested Mr. Putnam, as anxiously as if he was not perfectly sure that this was the very object of her sudden trip to the city. "An' say now, Bethi-ey, why wouldn't it be a good chance ter get me a pair o' them patent leather slippers like—Jedge Walker's, eh?"

"Because you aint Jedge Walker, that's why!" These patent leather slippers had been a bone of contention between the two for years. "How you would look, a man o' your standin', in patent leather slippers, Putnam!"

"Well, Bethi-ey, but I don't stand so very much, leas'tways not on both feet ter once," reasoned Mr. Putnam, "an' I can't afford ter wear 'em, for they're ter next, then slippers would last tolerable long, an' every time I looked at 'em I should enjoy 'em."

But Mrs. Putnam was not to be coaxed. "Carpet slippers is the appropriate thing ter people o' our standin'," she insisted for the one hundredth time, "an' I shan't give in to no such foolishness."

"But you might jest look at 'em when you're right down there," persisted the little man; "like enough there'll be a place ter buy shoes right near by the tea store."

"I shan't be right down there. I shall go direct to Cousin Emma's. She's been sick, an' now her daughter's kinder measly—an' the one that went off ter college—an' I aint been there fer these two years. Guess I want to see my own relations once in a while, Putnam."

"Been hearin' from Cousin Emily?"

"No, I haint," admitted Mrs. Putnam. "I haint heard from 'em fer six months, but I'm a-goin' ter hear from their own word o' mouth next Sat'day, Putnam."

If the old man chuckled inwardly, he was careful to make no outward sign which might irritate his wife's sensitive feelings. He was always on his best behavior just previous to one of her trips to the city, in hopes that she might relent and bring him the long-wished-for slippers. However, Mrs. Bethia Putnam felt annoyed, for she knew by his very silence that he fully appreciated the fact that he and the advertisement had won the day.

"Them slippers is all that's keepin' him so innocent," she mused unconsciously, "but I won't bring him none. I won't encourage him lettin' his hard-earned money to be spent in no such foolish way. He's been absent! Then carpet slippers just to get 'em worn out, but I won't do him no good."

On the next Saturday, when she arrived at her cousin's home, she began lecturing them, almost before they realized who she was, on not having visited her recently—in a loud, sharp voice in which not every one would have recognized the note of wholesome kindness.

metallic voice that could belong to no one but their Cousin Bethia.

"Dorothy has been a victim to no ordinary prostration," explained her mother. "The work and social life at the college, after her high school course, proved too much for her strength."

"Him-n! Cousin Bethia studied the young girl's face for a full moment, reading the story in it with eyes of experience. 'You're precisely like a young calf. I'm a raisin' in you've been racin' around an' around ter some nowhere, thinkin' you was drivin' the whole world before you, when truth is, you wa'n't doin' nothin' but wind yer own rope round the post you was hitched to. 'Course you couldn't sense that at the time, but kept racin' on and on, till yer rope was so short it yanked yer clean off'n yer feet. That's you.'"

"I must be still wandering feebly around my litchin' post," replied the girl, laughing half-sadly, "for the rope which represents my possibilities seems continually shortening."

"Him-n! What if it does? Don't you be a mite discouraged. I wouldn't give a cent for a calf that aint half killed with its own ambitious folly—only I wouldn't let nothin' entice me round that hitchin'-post many more times, if I was you—remember, we don't say of us get no farther than the length of our ropes, no matter how fast we run. Quit racin' before the rope strangles or hangs you, an' like enough you'll turn out, after all, a good, peaceable old cow, of some real use in the world."

The girls laughed. They could appreciate the wholesome bitterness and acidity which, after all, left a sweet taste in the mouth; they knew that if no voice could be sharper than Cousin Bethia's, no heart more kindly.

There are people who come to us whose sugar-plums of speech, while palatable and enticing, leave no healthful after-taste. To a little child, Cousin Bethia might be terrifying. In their younger days the girls spoke of her always as "that cross woman, who scolds."

But it is only in childhood that we make the one sharp distinction between cross and kind, good and bad. As we grow older we introduce an intermediate division between our "good men" and our "bad men," and then, mother and mother—till, suddenly, we are shocked to find there is none good, no, not one. And then it takes years of experience among the sunlit hills and shadowed valleys of life to realize there are none bad; not, not one; for each man is in himself, not only both good and bad, but all the intermediate stages as well. It depends upon our point of view, or upon the moment of our observation whether we find in him the good or the evil. An instantaneous photograph pictures a person exactly as he that moment appeared, from that standpoint, but a portrait is often a lie.

Nothing can so conceal the truth as the truth.

Bethia Putnam's nature was as hard and unyielding as New England granite, and her principles as firm, yet this opportunity to get something for nothing in a mild sort of lottery had come her New England principles, and an instantaneous photograph of her spirit at this time would have revealed only her keen Yankee relish for a good bargain.

The New England elm has been known to lift with its strong, young sapling strength a huge New England boulder from its place, or even to rend it to the heart—yet both remain.

It was not until she was in the business section of the street with Dorothy, whom she had asked to go with her, that Cousin Bethia suggested the object of her visit to the city.

"Now I've got all my other shoppin' done, we can go to the tea store," she said.

"Very well. There's one directly across the street," said Dorothy.

"But that aint the Free-wheel tea store. Where's that?"

"I don't know; but we will find it if you are particular."

"You don't know where the Free-wheel is?" Cousin Bethia stopped short and stared at the young girl.

"Why, from what the papers said, I thought it must have been considerable change in the city, havin' such a big store set up; an' didn't yer read about their givin' away a prize in every package of tea or coffee bought? It's been in the paper three days a-runnin'."

"One woman got a solid silver teaspoon—an' another got a \$5 bill—out of a 65-cent pound of tea, mind yer—an' a man got a good silver watch. Don't you keep track of the advertisements? I always thought city folks got bargains that way."

"Some do; but we usually find we pay for our bargains in one way or another. We consider these small packages a mild sort of lottery, and prefer to let them alone—however," seeing disappointment darken the old lady's face, "we can try this."

"But if it's wicked—" hesitated Cousin Bethia.

"Once investing in it will do no harm, I'm sure," said the girl easily, pitying her, and trying to make the thing she wished seem right in the latter-day New England way. "It may prove a good lesson and keep us from being tempted by deeper lotteries in the future."

"That's so, it may," Cousin Bethia was grateful for this suggestion.

"Like enough we'll get a good lesson if we don't get nothin' else in our package. If we should get a prize, like enough it'll only be a baby's penny rattle or a pair of blue spectacles, an' if there's anything I do despise, it's lookin' at everything blue. But say, you wouldn't just as soon take my money an' buy the thing for me, would you?"

Then she added in her sharpest tone, "now if yer hadn't, don't say no!"

"It wouldn't trouble me in the least," replied Dorothy.

Accordingly, the purchase was made by the girl, but the erect old lady's sharp eyes met the wily store-keeper's with a keen, intense interest which told it was her own story. He blandly presented each with a gaudy fan on which a child with a wooden smile peered from the heart of a pink rose the size of a small cabbage, and he gave the girl the ticket certifying to this morning's purchase and advertising the articles of use and ornament which would be given in exchange for a certain number of similar tickets.

Mrs. Putnam unlocked her capacious satchel and put the fans, the ticket, and the pound of tea into it, giving the tea an inquisitive little pinch and poke as she tucked it away.

Dorothy suggested their opening the package at once when they reached home, but Cousin Bethia said:

"Might as well wait till after dinner. Like enough there aint a thing more valuable in it than a toothless comb, an' if there aint, Dorothy, you can take the thing, whatever 'tis, back to the tea store man, next time you're down, with my compliments, an' tell him no matter how good the tea may be, I shall buy hereafter where they don't disappoint in their prizes."

She held the closed package between her hands until dinner was ready. She was intensely anxious to know how good a bargain she had made, to take home to Putnam, but her New England reserve compelled her to try to appear unconcerned by postponing the opening of the bag until after dinner. Even then, after she had untied the hard-knotted string with trembling but persistent fingers, she could not bring herself to reveal what fate had brought her.

"Now, say, yer wouldn't jest as 'lives open it and pour the tea on the top o' my paper, would yer, Dorothy?" she asked, sharply. "Now, if yer hadn't, don't say so!"

Dorothy said she was quite willing to play Pandora and brave the consequences of chance, and slowly began to empty the paper bag.

"Aint a thing in it!" whispered Cousin Bethia, watching with constrained eagerness. "Not one single, identical—" when out from the very bottom of the bag fluttered a two-dollar bill.

Cousin Bethia fell back in her chair with a smothered gasp—a two-dollar bill and a package of 75-cent tea for 75 cents.

Yes, that surely was lottery. She, Bethia Putnam, had invested in actual lottery. She could scarcely have been more shocked had she awakened to the fact that she had deliberately committed murder, for all her life she had severely classed the three toasters—murder, theft, and gambling. She knew it was but a small thing, but she had been taught to regard with awe the risk of the first step in sin. She half-felted she might go on and on from bad to worse, and perhaps do some dreadful thing because she had yielded, against her higher judgment, to the temptation to invest in a prize package of tea and had won a large prize—ah, there was the trouble—had been prize been smothered, had it been worthless, her act would not have seemed degrading. But she had bought 75-cents' worth of tea and the two-dollar bill for 75 cents, and had she sold her soul to the devil in the transaction?

These thoughts and feelings surged over her with such rapidity she did not realize them. If she had seen them on a written page, she would have denied them with righteous indignation. They were too intense to be conscious. There are times when we pose even in our innermost meditations, but they are not times of consternation.

"I can't never go home to Putnam a-feelin' this way," her heart cried helplessly. Putnam had never been tempted into lottery that she knew of in his life. She loved him with fierce passion because of the purity of his gentle, persistent life, and longed with a great yearning to share such a life as his, for her intensity only could feel—to be with him, but he, he had never gambled; while she—oh, the shame of it filled her throat with a choking misery. The strength of her New England principles had risen up to rebuke and chastise her Yankee spirit of bargaining.

Bethia Putnam sat in silence, a victim to the lash of her own conscience, while the girls laughed and jested over her excellent good luck. They did not favor lotteries, but their consciences were not cast-iron and inflexible, like Cousin Bethia's, but not a word of their jests did the old lady hear. The voice of her rebuking conscience was the only one audible to her. When Dorothy dropped the two-dollar bill into her lap, her hands flew away from it as if a sheet of red-hot iron had touched them. She shook it from her lap. Dorothy looked up in surprise and she called back her self-possession to say:

"Put it in the bag," in her ordinary voice, but her heart was thrilled with anguish and her brain seemed on fire. She tried behind her seat slips and sharp dry eyes to think a prayer, but she felt unworthy to pray and could not find the words.

"I don't believe you will care to have me return this prize with your compliments," Dorothy's voice penetrated the gloom which had settled over Bethia Putnam's inner self.

"Return it? Did the words drop from heaven in answer to her unspoken cry of despair? Was there then a retribution possible, a release from this nightmare of sin? Could her crime be undone?"

Bethia Putnam arose and walked erectly out into the hall. She took down her bonnet and grimly adjusted it. She stood before the mirror, but could see no reflection in it because of the darkness of relief which had welled suddenly into her cold gray eyes.

"An' you goin' out again, Cousin Bethia?" asked Dorothy. "Did you forget some errand this mornin'?"

"No, I didn't forget a thing, dear!" Mrs. Putnam's voice was almost gentle. There is a soul beauty in such a character as hers which has left its influence upon New Englanders of the present day, and accounts for all that is best in us, in its time-sifted manifestation. "I haint forgot a thing, but there's one thing I've decided to get, an' I'm gon' ter give back that two-dollar bill to the tea store man."

Just what Cousin Bethia said to the proprietor of the tea store none but he ever knew, for she insisted on making her penitential pilgrimage alone. But when Nathaniel Putnam, discovering the package of tea among her various purchases the moment the black satchel opened its spacious mouth (which could it but speak, might relate many a stranger tale than ours of today), and asked eagerly:

"Well, Bethi-ey, what did yer find for a prize in our package?" His wife answered solemnly:

"Putnam, I found a two-dollar bill.

Your wife won a two-dollar bill in nothin' more nor less'n a sinful lottery!"

The manner in which she said these words made it impossible for her husband to feel anything but relief when she continued:

"But I carried that money back an' gave it to the tea store man with a straight piece of my mind. Then, Putnam, I went straight to a shoe store an' bought you—not out o' your money, but out o' what I earned myself years ago—a good pair o' them patent leather slippers like Jedge Walker's, such as you've been a hankerin' after more'n a dozen years back. So, Putnam, you take them old carpet slippers off, an' don't you never again as long as the air stinks, say prize package o' tea ter me—never!"—Springfield Republican.

A NEW YEAR.

Our other years have slipped away, as slips the flower its sheath.

Once more with hands held out we grasp A basket with its gifts concealed,
And give Him thanks for length of days, for joy that comes with breath,
For home and books and happy work, for children and for friends.

All in the midnight and the frost we sped the old year out;
All in the dawnlight and the glow we bid the new year in!

The King is dead! Long live the King!—tis aye the clamorous shout;
And ever 'tis with mirth and hope the new-born reigns begin.

What yet may wait of care or grief today we cannot tell.
Another year, another start, another chance to do
What lies closest to our hand; God loves us,
Dismissing fear, we greet the year, whose first white leaves are new.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

THE NEW YEAR.

A flower unblown; a book unread:
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrodden; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfume;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A word unsaid; a deed untried;
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

FACTS ABOUT NEW YEAR'S.

January 1 was made the beginning of the legal year in England in 1752.

Sweden did not adopt January 1 as New Year's day until the year 1753.

The legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland took place on January 1, 1801.

January 1 was made New Year's day in France by royal edict in the year 1664.

On New Year's day in ancient Egypt there were processions in every temple.

The month of January is said to have been named by Numa Pompilius in 672 B. C.

The Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was issued January 1, 1863.

The New Year in Sparta was celebrated by the consecration of youths to military service.

The American Indians had a sort of New Year's festival, celebrated with feasting and dancing.

In Siberia, the State prisoners of the Czar are allowed a rest and a holiday on New Year's day.

In the sixteenth century the common New Year's gift of a tenant to his landlord was a fat capon.

The wassail ale of merry old England was made of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast and roasted apples.

The present system of beginning the new year with January 1 was adopted in Scotland A. D. 1600.

In Athens a new statue, either to a god or a hero, was erected and consecrated the first day of every year.

On January 1, 1615, Louis XII. of France, died; on the same day died Helvetius, in 1772; Silvio Pellico, 1854.

In Silesia a peculiar kind of wine made from grapes and seasoned with honey and spices is used on New Year's day.

In the South of France it is customary for families of means to give their servants new suits on New Year's day.

The celebrated march of General Monk to London for the purpose of seating Charles II. on the throne of England began January 1, 1660.

In Norway there is a superstition that the kind of fish caught on New Year's day indicates the character of the fishing during the year.

The custom of watching out the old year and waiting for the new to begin prevails in many countries, if not in most of the civilized world.

Suetonius and Tacitus allude to the custom common in their time among the Romans of sending and receiving presents on New Year's day.

A special feature of New Year's day in ancient Babylon was the procession in honor of Baal. The king himself marched in the procession.

The first day of January was made the beginning of the new year in Holland, the Protestant districts of Germany and Russia, in the year 1700.

In Coventry, England, God cakes are made for New Year's day. They are triangular in shape, made of paste, inclosing a portion of mince meat.

In England the first day of the new year is celebrated by a particular drink. It is spiced ale, facetiously known as "lamb's wool," though how it acquired such a designation not even the philologists are able to guess.

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THE HORSE.

Hints About Horses.

A veterinary surgeon of wide experience told me a few days ago that as good a price could be realized today for a strictly first-class horse as ever.

If a man of wealth wants a horse, he will pay a long price to secure what suits him.

The difficulty is in finding the horse. Breeders and farmers should aim at production of the best.

Never be content with attempting to produce moderate or inferior animals.

The best of all kinds never stand long in want of a purchaser.

If a neighborhood will endeavor to produce the same type, by all using a high-class stallion, the possibility of producing closely matched, stylish pairs will be enhanced.

The man with brains don't stumble through life. His animals are kept for a purpose and they are suited to it.

He never raises scrubs. He never drives scarecrows; it does not pay and he knows it.

If a horse is out of condition there is a cause; find it. He has been fed irregularly or improperly, or are his teeth sharp or uneven?

It will pay someone to make a specialty of raising and educating family horses. Horses that are brainy, level-headed and handsome.

Horses suitable for this purpose always bring a high price, and they are scarce.

They must be gentle enough for a lady to drive, and have brains enough to be quiet in case of an accident.

You can spoil your horse's temper by losing your own.

If you expect your horses to be healthy, keep the stables in good condition, light and well ventilated. Let in all the sunlight that is possible.—Farm Journal.

—Only two trotters having records of 2:10 or better are sires of twenty-five or more standard performers. They are Stamboul 2:07 1-2 and Nelson 2:09.

—It is now reported that there is no prospect of the release of Robert Kneebles from the German prison, where he is confined on the charge of "ringing" the mare Bethel.

HAY OR GRAIN?

It is true that grain is nutrition in a concentrated form, and it takes longer for it to digest than grass, and that is one of its advantages. Simply because it takes longer is not indicative that it uses so much more vital force to do it. Simplified, it is the food in the stomach that is being digested that keeps up the heat in the body, or, in other words, vital force in order to work upon. And just as long as the horse has food of the nature required in his stomach for his vital forces to draw upon he can work. When that food is gone, he has to draw upon his stored up energy and begins to lose strength from that time until there is a new supply in the stomach, or, in other words, fuel to keep up the supply of heat and energy.

Now, to illustrate so that all may see, a horse goes to work in the morning at 7 a. m. with his stomach full of grass hay is seventy-five per cent water, the balance about one-half crude fibre and the rest digestible solids. In three hours they are digested and assimilated when the horse is at work, and if worked until noon he does it on his reserve force. If his stomach is full of hay, it represents about fifteen pounds, about two and one-half pounds of water, leaving twelve and one-half pounds of dry matter, nearly one-third of which is crude, indigestible fibre, leaving us only eight pounds of dry matter for the digestion to get on an average of eight ounces of muscle and nerve force out of, before being used up, and five pounds of heat forming material.

Now, if this horse had eight pounds of the hay and four pounds of four quarts of oats for his morning feed in round numbers, without close figuring, we would have a little over double the muscle and nerve force to draw upon for our forenoon's work and less than half of the crude, indigestible fibre for the stomach to contend with, and yet it would be high noon before the stomach was empty. And thus we can, by the addition of a proper grain to our hay and grass feeding, maintain and keep up the strength of our horses from day to day and week to week and even year to year, while the hay and grass fed horse simply can't stand it.—C. D. Smead V. S., in National Stockman.

Best, cheapest, greatest labor saver, healthiest, safest, highest endorsed, all this is true of German Patent Moss. Try it for your stables. C. B. Barrett, importer, 45 North Market street.

Boston Cooking School.

All ingredients mentioned in the following recipes are measured level.

The lesson given at the Cooking School, Wednesday morning, December 30, covered the preparation of a simple dinner which was both wholesome and economical. Boiled Mutton with Caper Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Tomato Fritters, Turkish Pilaf, Cheese Souffle and Cerealine Pudding were all prepared and served. In this country, mutton and beef are ranked about equal in nutritive value, although in England the Southdown mutton is considered more nutritious than beef. Lamb is less nutritious than mutton, as it is from an immature animal, but is, of course, more tender and cooks more quickly. To know good lamb, one should note if the meat is of a bright, pink color, firm in texture and the fat almost white, and firm and flaky. Lamb is also distinguished from mutton by the serrated end of the leg bone which is worn smooth in mutton.

BOILED MUTTON.—Remove the caul and the outside skin from a leg of mutton as they are likely to give the strong taste so objectionable, wipe over with a cloth wrung out in cold water, place in a kettle and cover with boiling water, as it is desired to retain the juices. Let the water boil vigorously for five minutes, skin, and cook at a lower temperature until tender. When the meat is half done, add one tablespoonful salt. If liked, the meat may be browned in the oven before serving, sprinkling a little flour over it. The stock may be used in making sauce for the meat or reduced and made into mutton broth, adding such vegetables and seasonings as are liked, as well as remnants of meat.

CAPER SAUCE.—Melt three tablespoonfuls butter, add three tablespoonfuls flour with one half teaspoonful salt and one eighth teaspoonful pepper, and pour on gradually one and one half cups hot water. Boil five minutes and add three tablespoonfuls butter in small pieces and one-half cupful capers drained from their liquor.

This is simply a drawn butter sauce with capers added and is best served as soon as made. Mrs. Farmer recommends a white sauce to which have been added hard boiled eggs as more suitable for children. The stock can be used in making the latter.

MASHED POTATOES.—There is a right and wrong way to even so simple a thing as boiling a potato. Unless the potatoes are new, they are much improved by paring and letting stand in cold water before cooking, over night, even, if the potatoes are to be used in the morning. The older the potatoes, the longer they should soak. Like all starchy foods, they should be cooked in boiling salted water and when done, drained, the steam allowed to escape and put immediately through a warm potato ricer, or use a potato masher if the potato ricer is not to be had. To five rice potatoes add three tablespoonfuls butter, one teaspoonful salt, a few grains pepper, and hot milk to moisten, about a third of a cupful. Beat until creamy, reheat, and pile lightly in a hot dish. Serve as soon as possible after they are prepared. In boiling potatoes, if the outside are done and begin to break before the centres are soft, cold water added will send the heat to the centre of the potatoes and remedy the difficulty. Use a skewer to test the potatoes when.

TOMATO FRITTERS.—Cook one can of tomatoes, (three and a half cupfuls), six cloves, one-fourth cupful sugar and three slices onion twenty minutes after it has reached the boiling point; rub through a sieve, leaving only the seeds remaining, and season with one teaspoonful salt and a few grains cayenne. Melt one-fourth cupful butter, add one-third cupful cornstarch, and gradually the strained tomato, then one egg slightly beaten. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, and cool. Remove from the pan, cut into triangles, squares, or oblongs, roll in crumbs, egg and crumbs again, fry in deep fat and drain.

These can be made without the egg, but are much nicer if the egg is used. If the tomatoes are very acid, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda may be added to a can of tomatoes. These can be prepared some time before they are needed and fried just before serving. They will be found very good.

TURKISH PILAF.—Wash one-half cupful rice, cook in one tablespoonful butter until brown, add one cupful boiling water, bring it again to the boiling point, and steam in the double boiler until the water is absorbed; then add one and three-fourths cupfuls hot stewed tomatoes. Cook until the rice is soft, and season with salt and pepper. Onion juice may also be added if liked.

Wash the rice by putting it in a colander set into a bowl of water, and rubbing gently between the hands, changing the water frequently, until it is clear. Dry the rice between towels. This is a genuine Turkish recipe. This makes a suitable substitute for the green vegetables, which are not to be had at this time of year.

CHEESE SOUFFLE.—Melt two tablespoonfuls butter; add three tablespoonfuls flour, and gradually one-half cupful scalded milk. Then add one-half teaspoonful salt, a few grains cayenne and one-fourth cupful grated cheese, using any kind not too strong. Remove from the fire, add the yolks of three eggs beaten until thick. Cool and add the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff and dry, carefully folding them in. Pour into a buttered dish and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve immediately, as if allowed to stand, it will fall. A napkin folded around the dish will make it presentable for the table. The cheese souffle is suitable to serve with the Turkish pilaf, for being rich in proteid, it supplements the starch elements of the rice dish. Any souffle may be made according to this method.

CEREALINE PUDDING.—Pour four cupfuls scalded milk on two cupfuls cere-

line, packing the latter into the cup in measuring; add one-half cupful molasses using medium grade Porto Rico, one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt and one and one-half tablespoonfuls butter. Pour into a buttered pudding dish, and bake one hour in a slow oven. Serve with cream. This is a simple pudding, requiring no eggs, and as Cerealine is a product of white corn, it might be called a mock Indian pudding. If the pudding dish is of tin or granite ware, it is better to set it into a pan of hot water while baking, as the pudding is more delicate when cooked at a low temperature.

The next lesson at the Cooking School, will be given Wednesday morning, January 6, beginning at ten o'clock. Breakfast Dishes will be the subject, and Broiled Sausages, Fried Apples, Hominy Mush, Fried Hominy, Fudges, Eggs a la Buckingham and Omelet will be prepared. Single admission, fifty cents.

The End of the World.

A THEORY OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THE EARTH FILLED WITH GAS.

Scientists believe that the earth has an outside crust about fifty miles in depth, which is supposed to extend to a mass of interior molten matter which, if cooled, would be similar in composition to the crust. It is also assumed that a large portion of the interior is in a state of incandescence.

As the above is but guesswork, let us suppose the earth's crust is of some such depth, and instead of lava the interior is filled with gas, this supposition having considerable proof in the shape of the material itself, as found when boring to various depths in different localities of the earth's surface. This gas, with other material, ignited by natural causes, in the earth's crust, is presumably, with the help of steam, the sole cause of volcanoes and earthquakes. Is there not a possibility that man, in his insane search for fame, knowledge and gold, will finally pierce the vitals of our sphere and let its life-blood course swiftly into unlimited space; and as the gas escapes, the crust contracts, until it is either destroyed by heat and steam, generated by the friction of its grinding crust, or until it is reduced to so small a sphere that it loses its attraction for other worlds, and finally rushes through space, a fiery comet, which would ultimately be reduced to the so-called interior stones. These might fall upon some inhabited world, to be preserved by a wondering people, who would account for their origin as easily as we do for the molten iron of Calveras County, California.

Hopkinton, Mass. H. O. C.

Farmer Putoff.

The other day I called on Farmer Putoff, the owner of a 120-acre farm. He is of Russian descent, related to all the families that end in "off." Putoff, however, is a good fellow, hurting no body but himself, and he never hurts himself with overwork. He was standing by his front gate, on which he leaned, only it was leaning itself against a cottonwood, with both hinges broken. "Fact is, I have not had time to tend to it for some a year," said he. "I'll hang it some o' these days. Get out o' here," said he, kicking an old sow that was going through the gateway, where, from the rooted-up dooryard, one would imagine she spent her time. After passing the time of day I asked him how much he got for his seed. "Hain't thrashed it yet," he replied. "I expect I'll get 'bout ninety cents." "I would think it would be in bad shape now. Mice work on timothy and the wet weather must have rotted that which lies on the ground. Yours is the only seed not threshed in all the neighborhood." "I guess it'll be pretty good yet," said he. "It is a little late, but I've not had the time." "Did you hear of the accident that befell Miss Arny yesterday in town?" "Why, no," replied Putoff. "What was it and when did it happen? I've been to town every day for two weeks." "It happened just before night. Her horse broke his leg in the culvert in front of Mr. Collins's." "That's the reason I didn't hear it," replied Putoff. "I come home, as a general thing, about four o'clock." "Well," I replied, "timothy seed is on the decline. If I were you I would get the seed to market as soon as possible." "All right; I'll think about it."—St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

Bean soup is much improved by adding a little mace just before serving.

THE

Boston Cooking School Magazine.

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor.

JOURNAL OF The Boston Cooking School.

The standard authority on cooking and domestic economics. Interesting and helpful articles on Household Topics. Beautiful illustrations of prepared dishes. The Boston Cooking School's latest and choicest recipes. Practical and seasonable menus.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS TO ITS COLUMNS are Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, Miss Kate Sanborn, Mrs. Minerva B. Tobey, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer, and many other well-known writers.

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THE GRANGE.

Stoughton Grange

Held quite a long session Monday evening, December 28, the last meeting for 1896. A large amount of business was transacted, the annual election of officers being the most important. It was voted to invite Old Colony Pomona Grange to hold its next meeting with Stoughton Grange on Saturday, January 16. Master I. H. Lamb will preside. Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Goldsmith and Mr. M. M. Porter will have charge of the dinner; and Lizzie Farrell and Messrs. Aaron Gay and E. H. Gilbert were chosen reception committee. Treasurer Erastus Smith presented his report, showing that the new year will find \$200 in the treasury and only small liabilities. The Boston Buyers' Co-operative association has had several members in Stoughton Grange, who have found the five-years-membership fee of five dollars well invested; but neither they nor the Grange as a whole approved the proposed change of levying a per capita tax of twenty-four cents a year on each Grange to support such association, and so the matter was laid on the table. The following officers for 1897 were elected and will be installed Monday evening, January 11, Post Master Maxwell having charge: Master, E. H. Gilbert; overseer, H. C. Southworth; lecturer, Mrs. Edna Tilden; steward, Mrs. Alice Brock; assistant steward, B. B. Clapp; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Annie Griffin; chaplain, Jessie Gay; treasurer, Geo. N. Drury; secretary, Miss Robie Gilbert; gate-keeper, W. E. Smith; Ceres, Miss Blanche Vanston; Pomona, Miss Mabel Griggs; Flora, Miss Edith Birch; chorister, J. Cotter; executive committee, Miss Southworth, Goldsmith and Clapp.

Food of Mosquitoes.

It is a well-known fact that the adult male mosquito does not necessarily take nourishment, and that the adult female does not necessarily rely upon the blood of warm-blooded animals. They are plant feeders and have also been recorded as feeding upon insects. Dr. Hagen mentions taking a species in the Northwest feeding upon the chrysalis of a butterfly, while scattered through the seven volumes of Insect Life are a number of records of observations of a vegetarian habit, one writer stating that he has seen them with their beaks inserted in boiled potatoes on the table, and another that he has seen watermelon rinds with many mosquitoes settled upon them and busily engaged in sucking the juices. Mosquitoes undoubtedly feed normally on the juice of plants, and not one in a million ever gets an opportunity to taste the blood of a warm-blooded animal. When we think of the enormous tracts of marsh land into which warm-blooded animals never penetrate, and in which mosquitoes are breeding in countless numbers, the truth of this statement becomes apparent. The males have been observed sipping at drops of water, and one instance of a fondness for molasses has been recorded. Mr. E. A. Schwarz has observed one drinking beer.—L. O. Howard, Gov. Entomologist.

How Pat Found the Address.

A clergyman was standing at the corner of a square in the city on Thanksgiving Day about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence?"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your riverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly six o'clock."

"Och, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away went the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the houses, and when he discovered lights that denoted hospitality, he rang the door-bell and inquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No, bother on Father O'Leary—he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your riverence; you dine at 2145, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your riverence. I have your malady, and only wish I had your cure."—South Planter.

—Train colts to become fast walking horses.

Buffalo in the East.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE HERD, THE LARGEST OF ANY, IS NOW AT CENTRAL PARK.

The American bison is again on the hills beyond the Harlem. According to the authority of William T. Hornaday, long officially associated with the work of the National Zoological park, the bison was there in his freedom very many years ago. He is there today, a slave in close captivity. About seventy-five acres of Van Cortlandt park, north of the parade ground, including Vault hill, where the tomb of the Van Cortlandts is situated, has been enclosed by a seven-foot wire fence, and here are confined twenty-five members of the herd, now under the control of the park commissioners. The other four are in the small enclosure in Central park. The latter four are the absolute property of the city, while the former twenty-five belong to the estate of the late Austin Corbin, and are in the care of the department of parks under an agreement accepted by the commissioners last May, whereby they are to care for them, and the city to own one-fourth of the increase. It was not until last week that Mr. Corbin's animal keeper brought the bison from his Blue Mountain park in New Hampshire, and turned them into Van Cortlandt park. The herd, though not a large one, contains fine, well-conditioned specimens, that will compare favorably with any of the many herds in captivity. Thirteen of them are cows, and a dozen of the herd are two-year-olds.

When first brought to their new home the animals did not take kindly to the change, and with a few exceptions, were moody and suspicious, going back and forth within the enclosure and carefully examining the scene, but when seen recently the entire herd appeared as much at home as though on their native western heath. Twelve of Austin Corbin's herd of bison are natives of New Hampshire, and were born in captivity. The others came originally from Kansas, Nebraska and Manitoba. The king of the herd, a big horned, broad shouldered fellow, was captured by Buffalo Bill, and for a time was kept at his Nebraska ranch, and afterward sent to Iowa, where Mr. Corbin purchased him. It was about five years ago, after Mr. Corbin had fenced in the 28,000 acres of his New England park and stocked it with deer and small game, that he began to look for the buffalo. It is no easy task to get him, for the race was then almost at near extinction as now, and those who had herds or even single ones, had no desire to part with them. After getting two or three in Iowa, and a few more in Kansas he had to go to Canada for the rest. Few as twenty-nine buffalo appear to be, they are really a large proportion of the living specimens of the American bison.

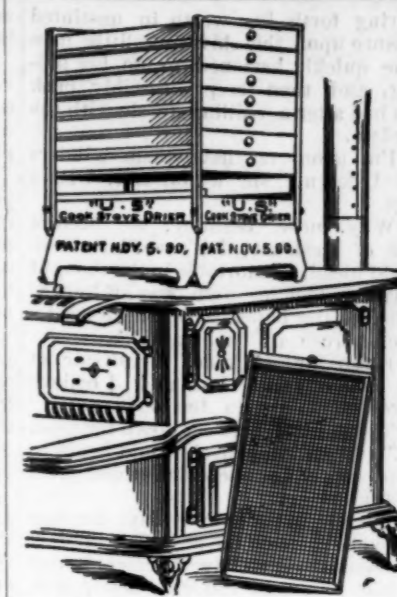
On the best obtainable authority they constitute about one thirty-fourth of the living members of the race in the United States, and this race once roamed the western plains in hundreds of herds numbered by thousands. Now there are not more than a thousand living buffalo, and about one-third of these are in captivity. This fact of the rarity of the bison makes such a herd as we now have in New York valuable property, and one likely to become more valuable as the wild ones approach nearer and nearer extinction, a condition not now very remote.

Where the Nuts Come From.

It is certainly interesting to know where all the nuts come from that are sold in groceries throughout the country. Most people considered the French walnut the sweetest grown. New York receives 8,000 or 10,000 bags of them every year from Naples and not France, as most people suppose. But the American nut grown in California is coming to the front and is replacing the foreign article. Of course, California is first in supplying almonds, but Spain is hustling and is now a good second. These nuts arrive in New York in their shells, but most of them are "husked" before offered for sale, for the confectioners and bakers prefer to buy them so. Shelled almonds are, however, imported in large quantities via London from the valley of the Jordan. One would think that this country could supply the demand for hazel nuts. But, as a matter of fact, we import over 150,000 bushels from Spain and England—more than half we use. Another variety of hazel nut is the filbert. It is grown almost exclusively on the Amoor river in Asia.—Detroit Herald of Commerce.

Tuberculosis is affected by the Roentgen rays, according to MM. Lotet and Genoud's report to the Academie des Sciences. They inoculated eight guinea pigs with tuberculosis virus, then exposed three of them for an hour daily to the rays during eight weeks. The five who were kept from the rays developed abscesses and their health was deranged. The three kept in good health and grew fat on the rays.

—Russian thistles, a patch of which have flourished for some time near Whipple, Ariz., have overgrown well-trodden paths there and made them impassable either for men or animals.



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BITS OF FUN.

"Uncle Simon, what is old-fashioned politeness?" "It is a way people used to have of asking a man about his health and then listening until he got through replying."—Chicago Record.

Yablesy: The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money. Mudge: Oh, 'most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan.—Indianapolis Journal.

"You can't both ride on a single ticket," said the conductor sharply. "O I guess we kin," answered Josh, with perfect confidence, as he threw his arm around his blushing companion. "If you'll look at this here dockament you'll see that me and Marthy's just been made one."—Detroit Free Press.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveler of a small Irish boy, who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields. "About 12 o'clock, sir," replied the boy. "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at 1 again."—Harper's Round Table.

During the time Swift held the living of Laracor, he was out riding one day, when he met one of his parishioners, a farmer capitally mouned. "That's a first-class animal you've got there," "Mr. Dean," replied the farmer, "he is very well, but he is not equal to yours." "To mine!" returned Swift. "Why, he's a mere pad." "Ay," replied the other, "but he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland."

One of the stories of the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, was of a visit to one of the few small towns in England which have no public-house. Although there were four thousand people, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking practice, and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: "Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched tectorials heal so fast that there is no profit in them."

A farmer was noted among his friends for grumbling ways. One year the crops were very good, and some curiosity was felt to see how he would meet the case. "I am afraid," said he, "that such a great crop will be a powerful strain on the land."

Bull Farming in Sullivan Co., N.Y.

John Foster is a farmer and resides on the hill south of the Rockland station. Mr. Foster does all his work with a bull that he harnesses and drives horse fashion, and with now and then a slight misunderstanding on the part of his bullship, takes as much comfort in doing his work with him as if he was a \$500 horse, and can draw as much with him as with any horse of his weight. Marion Harland's picture of a man plowing with a camel in the Holy Land is tame compared to John Foster and this bull at work on the road.—Rusticus in Argus.

Dogs Before Children.

At a town meeting recently held in Connecticut a long debate took place on motion to modify the existing ordinance concerning dogs, and all were deeply interested. When the dog matter was disposed of the proper officials arose and read the annual report of the board of education. At once there was a rush for the door, and half of those present left the hall. The remark of an old farmer at this point was emphatic enough without the oath that accompanied it: "Well, I'll be blessed if the people don't take more interest in their dogs than they do in their children."

Manure for Fruit Trees.

There are two methods of manuring, one spreading it on the surface, and the other plowing or digging it in. As the result of long experience it is found that much better results are achieved by surface manuring than by the other method. In fruit trees, especially, this has been found to be the case. The top dressing should be applied as soon in the spring as the frost is gone, or, at least, in time to get the benefit of the spring rains, which carry the fertilizing material a little way beneath the surface of the soil.—Green's Fruit Grower.

—Kerrville, Tex., boasts of a cow which is possessed of eighteen horns. Two are on her head, while the remaining sixteen take the place of hoofs, two projecting forward and two backward on each foot.

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